

3
THE
CONSTANT COUPLE,

OR, A

Trip to the Jubilee.

A

COMEDY.

As it is ACTED at the

THEATRE-ROYAL

IN

DRURY-LANE,

By Her MAJESTY'S Servants.

*Sive favore tuli, sive hanc ego Carmine famam ;
Jure tibi grates, candide lector, ago*

Ovid. Trist. lib. iv. Eleg. 10.

L O N D O N :

Printed for JOHN CLARKE. 1728.



THE
CONSTANT COUNTRY

OF THE

TO THE JUDICIAL

COMEDY



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TO the HONOURABLE

Sir *Roger Mostyn*, Bar^t.

OF

Mostyn-Hall in Flintshire.

SIR,

*'T*IS no small Reflection on Pieces of this Nature, that Panegyrick is so much improv'd, and that Dedication is grown more an Art than Poetry; that Authors, to make their Patrons more than Men, make themselves less; and that Persons of Honour are forc'd to decline Patronizing Wit, because their Modesty cannot bear the gross Strokes of Adulation.

But give me leave to say, Sir, that I am too young an Author to have learnt the Art of Flattery; and, I hope, the same Modesty which recommended this Play to the World, will also reconcile my Addresses to you, of whom I can say nothing but what your Merits may warrant, and all that have the Honour of your Acquaintance will be proud to vindicate.

The greatest Panegyrick upon you, Sir, is the unprejudic'd and bare Truth of your Character, the Fire of Youth, with the Sedateness of a Senator, and the Modern Gaiety of a fine English Gentleman, with the Noble Solidity of the Ancient Briton.

This is the Character, Sir, which all Men, but your self, are proud to publish of You, and which more celebrated Pens than mine should transmit to Posterity.

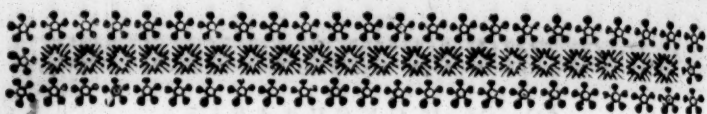
The Play has had some noble Appearances to honour its Representation; and to Complete the Success, I have presum'd to prefix so Noble a Name to usher it into the World. A stately Frontispiece is the Beauty of a Building. But here I must transverse Ovid:

Materia superabit Opus.

I am, Honourable Sir,
Your most Devoted,
and Humble Servant,

E 2

G. FARQUHAR.



P R E F A C E

T O T H E

R E A D E R.

AN affected Modesty is very often the greatest Vanity, and Authors are sometimes prouder of their Blushes than of the Praises that occasion'd them. I sha'n't therefore, like a foolish Virgin, fly to be pursu'd, and deny what I chiefly wish for. I am very willing to acknowledge the Beauties of this Play, especially those of the third Night, which not to be proud of, were the height of Impudence: Who is ashamed to value himself upon such Favours, undervalues those who conferr'd them.

As I freely submit to the Criticisms of the Judicious, so I cannot allow this an ill Play, since the Town has allow'd it such Success. When they have pardon'd my Faults, 'twere very ill Manners to condemn their Indulgence. Some may think (my Acquaintance in Town being too slender to make a Party for the Play) that the Success must be deriv'd from the pure Merits of the Cause. I am of another Opinion: I have not been long enough in Town to raise Enemies against me; and the *English* are still kind to Strangers. I am below the Envy of great Wits, and above the Malice of little ones. I have not displeased the Ladies, nor offended the Clergy; both which are now pleas'd to say, that a Comedy may be diverting without Smut and Profaneness.

Next

P R E F A C E.

Next to those Advantages, the Beauties of Action gave the greatest Life to the Play, of which the Town is so sensible, that all will join with me in Commendation of the Actors, and allow, (without detracting from the Merit of others) that the *Theatre Royal* affords an excellent and compleat Set of Comedians. Mr. *Wilks's* Performance has set him so far above Competition in the Part of *Wildair*, that none can pretend to envy the Praise due to his Merit. That he made the Part, will appear from hence, that whenever the Stage has the Misfortune to lose him, Sir *Harry Wildair* may go to the Jubilee.

A great many quarrel at the *Trip to the Jubilee* for a *Misnomer* : I must tell them, that perhaps there are greater Trips in the Play : and when I find that more exact Plays have had better Success, I'll talk with the Criticks about *Decorums*, &c. However, if I ever commit another Fault of this Nature, I'll endeavour to make it more excusable.





PROLOGUE.

By a FRIEND.

POETS will think nothing so checks their Fury
As Wits, Cits, Beaux, and Women for their Jury.
Our Spark's half dead to think what Medley's come,
With blended Judgments to pronounce his Doom.
'Tis all false Fear; for in a mingled Pit,
Why, what your grave Don thinks but dully writ,
His Neighbour i'th' great Wig may take for Wit.
Some Authors court the Few, the Wise, if any;
Our Youth's content, if he can reach the many,
Who go with much like Ends to Church and Play,
Not to observe what Priests or Poets say,
No! no! your Thoughts, like theirs, lie quite another
(way.)

The Ladies safe may smile; for here's no Slander,
No Smut, no lewd-tongu'd Beau, no double Entendre.
'Tis true, he has a Spark just come from France,
But then so far from Beau—why, he talks Sense!
Like Coin oft carry'd out, but —— seldom brought
(from thence.)

There's yet a Gang to whom our Spark submits,
Your Elbow-shaking Fool, that lives by's Wits,
That's only witty tho', just as he lives, by fits.
Who, Lion-like, through Bailiffs, scours away,
Hunts, in the Face, a Dinner all the Day,
At Night with empty Bowels grumbles o'r the Play.
And now the modish 'Prentice, he implores,
Who, with his Master's Cash, stol'n out of Doors,
Employs it on a Brate of —— Honourable Whores:

While

P R O L O G U E.

*While their good bulky Mother pleas'd, sits by,
 Bawd Regent of the Bubble Gallery.
 Next to our mounted Friends, we humble move,
 Who all your Side-box Tricks are much above,
 And never fail to pay us with your Love.
 Ah Friends! poor Dorset Garden-house is gone;
 Our merry Meetings there are all undone:
 Quite lost to us, sure for some strange Misdeeds,
 That strong Dog Sampson's pull'd it o'er our Heads,
 Snaps Rope like Thread; but when his Fortune's told him,
 He'll hear perhaps of Rope will one Day hold him:
 At least, I hope, that our good-natur'd Town
 Will find a way to pull his Prices down.*

*Well, That's all! Now Gentlemen for the Play,
 On second Thoughts, I've but two Words to say;
 Such as it is for your Delight design'd,
 Hear it, read, try, judge, and speak as you find.*



Dramatis Personæ.

<i>Sir Harry Wild-</i> <i>air,</i>	{ An airy Gentle- man, affecting hu- morous Gaiety and Freedom in his Be- haviour.	{ Mr. Wilks.
<i>Standard,</i>	{ A disbanded Col- lonel, brave and ge- nerous.	{ Mr. Powel.
<i>Vizard,</i>	{ Outwardly Pious, otherwise a great De- bauchee, and Villai- nous.	{ Mr. Mills.
<i>Smuggler,</i>	An old Merchant.	Mr. Johnson.
<i>Clincher,</i>	{ A pert London- 'Prentice turn'd Beau, and affecting Travel.	{ Mr. Pinketh- man.
<i>Clincher jun.</i>	{ His Brother, edu- cated in the Countrey.	{ Mr. Bullock.
<i>Dicky,</i>	His Man,	Mr. Norris.
<i>Tom Errand,</i>	A Porter.	Mr. Haynes.

W O M E N.

<i>Lurewell,</i>	{ A Lady of a jilting Temper, proceeding from a Resentment of her Wrongs from Men.	{ Mrs. Ver- bruggen.
<i>Lady Darling,</i>	{ An old Lady, Mo- ther to <i>Angelica</i> .	{ Mrs. Powel.
<i>Angelica,</i>	A Woman of Honour.	Mrs. Rogers.
<i>Pa'ly,</i>	Maid to <i>Lurewell</i> .	Mrs. Moor.

Constable, Mob, Porter's Wife, Servants, &c.

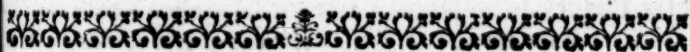
SCENE, LONDON.

THE



T H E

Constant Couple.



A C T I.

SCENE, *The Park.*

Enter Vizard with a Letter, a Servant following.

Vizard.



Ngelica send it back unopen'd !
say you ?

Servant. As you see, Sir.

Viz. The Pride of these
virtuous Women is more in-
sufferable than the Immo-
desty of Prostitutes — After

all my Incouragement to slight me thus !

Serv. She said, Sir, that imagining your Morals
sincere, she gave you Access to her Conversation ;
but that your late Behaviour in her Company has
convinc'd her, that your Love and Religion are both

The Constant Couple.

Hypocrisie, and that she believes your Letter like your self, fair on the outside, foul within; so sent it back unopen'd.

Viz. May Obstinacy guard her Beauty till Wrinkles bury it; then may Desire prevail to make her curse that untimely Pride her disappointed Age repents— I'll be reveng'd the very first Opportunity — Saw you the old Lady *Darling*, her Mother?

Serv. Yes, Sir, and she was pleas'd to say much in your Commendation.

Viz. That's my Cue—An esteem grafted in Old Age is hardly rooted out; Years stiffen their Opinions with their Bodies, and old Zeal is only to be cozen'd by young Hypocrisie. —————

[*Aside.* Run to the Lady *Lurewell's*, and know of her Maid, whether her Ladyship will be at home this Evening. Her Beauty is sufficient Cure for *Angelica's* Scorn.

[*Exit Serv.*] [*Viz. pulls out a Book, reads, and walks about.*

Enter Smugler.

Smug. Ay, there's a Pattern for the young Men o'th' Times, at his Meditation so early, some Books of pious Ejaculations, I'm sure.

Viz. This *Hobs* is an excellent Fellow! [*Aside.*] O Uncle *Smuggler*! To find you at this End o'th' Town is a Miracle.

Smug. I have seen a Miracle this Morning indeed, Cousin *Vizard*.

Viz. What is it, pray, Sir?

Smug. A Man at his Devotion so near the Court — I'm very glad, Boy, that you keep your Sanctity untainted in this infectious Place; the very Air of this Park is Heathenish, and every Man's Breath meet scents of Atheism.

Viz. Surely, Sir, some great Concern must bring you to this unsanctify'd End of the Town.

Smug. A very unsanctify'd Concern, truly Cousin.

Viz. What is't?

Smug

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Smug. A Law-Suit, Boy—Shall I tell you?—
My Ship the *Swan* is newly arriv'd from *St. Sebastian*,
laden with *Portugal* Wines: Now the impudent
Rogue of a Tide-waiter has the Face to affirm 'tis
French Wines in *Spanish* Casks, and has indicted me
upon the Statute——O Conscience! Conscience!
These Tide-waiters and Surveyors plague us more
with their *French* Wines, than the War did with *French*
Privateers——Ay, there's another plague of the Na-
tion.—

Enter Colonel Standard.

A red Coat and Feather.

Viz. Col. *Standard*, I'm your humble Servant.

Stand. May be not, Sir.

Viz. Why so?

Stand. Because—I'm disbanded.

Viz. How? Broke!

Stand. This very Morning, in *Hide-Park*, my brave
Regiment, a thousand Men that look'd like Lions
yesterday, were scatter'd, and look'd as poor and
simple as the Herd of Deer that graz'd beside 'em.

Smug. Tal, al, deral [*Singing.*] I'll have a Bonfire
this Night as high as the Monument.

Stand. A Bonfire! Thou dry, wither'd, ill Na-
ture; had not those brave Fellow's Swords defended
you, your House had been a Bonfire e'er this about
your Ears—Did we not venture our Lives, Sir?

Smug. And did we not pay for your Lives, Sir?
---Venture your Lives! I'm sure we ventur'd our
Money, and that's Life and Soul to me—Sir, we'll
maintain you no longer.

Stand. Then your Wives shall, old *Acteon*; There
are five and thirty strapping Officers gone this Morn-
ing to live upon free Quarter in the City.

Smug. O Lord! O Lord! I shall have a Son with-
in these nine Months born with a leading Staff in his
Hand---Sir, you are---

Stand. What, Sir?

Smug. Sir, I say that you are ———

Stand. What, Sir!

Smug. Disbanded, Sir, that's all ——— I see my Lawyer yonder. [Exit.]

Viz. Sir, I'm very sorry for your Misfortune.

Stand. Why so? I don't come to borrow Money of you; if you're my Friend, meet me this Evening at the *Rummer*, I'll pay my Foy, drink a Health to my King, Prosperity to my Country; and away for *Hungary* to morrow Morning.

Viz. What! you won't leave us?

Stand. What! A Soldier stay here! To look like an old pair of Colours in *Westminster-Hall*, ragged and rusty! No, no ——— I met yesterday a broken Lieutenant, he was ashamed to own that he wanted a Dinner, but begg'd Eighteen-pence of me to buy a new Scabbard for his Sword.

Viz. O, but you have good Friends, Collonel!

Stand. O, very good Friends! My Father's a Lord, and my elder Brother a Beau mighty good Friends indeed!

Viz. But your Country may perhaps want your Swotd agen.

Stand. Nay, for that matter, let but a single Drum beat up for Volunteers between *Ludgate* and *Charing-Cross*, and I shall undoubtedly hear it at the Walls of *Buda*.

Viz. Come, come, Collonel, there are ways of making your Fortune at home ——— Make your Addresses to the Fair, you're a Man of Honour and Courage.

Stand. Ay, my Courage is like to do me wondrous Service with the Fair: This pretty cross Cut over my Eye will attract a Dutchess ——— I warrant 'twill be a mighty Grace to my Ogling ——— Had I us'd the Stratagem of a certain Brother Collonel of mine, I might succeed.

Viz. What was it, pray?

Stand.

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Stand. Why, to save his pretty Face for the Women, he always turn'd his Back upon the Enemy.---- He was a Man of Honour for the Ladies.

Viz. Come, come, the Loves of *Mars* and *Venus* will never fail, you must get a Mistress.

Stand. Prithee, no more on't----- You have awaken'd a Thought; from which, and the Kingdom, I wou'd have stoll'n away at once.----- To be plain, I have a Mistress.

Viz. And she's cruel.

Stand. No.

Viz. Her Parents prevent your Happiness.

Stand. Nor that.

Viz. Then she has no Fortune.

Stand. A large one; Beauty to tempt all Mankind, and Virtue to beat off their Assaults. O *Vizard!* such a Creature!

[Enter Sir Harry Wildair, crosses the Stage singing, with Footmen after him.

Hey Day! Who the Devil have we here?

Viz. The Joy of the Play-house, and Life of the Park;

Sir Harry Wildair newly come from *Paris*.

Stand. Sir Harry Wildair! Did not he make a Campaign in *Flanders* some three or four Years ago?

Viz. The same.

Stand. Why, he behaved himself very bravely.

Viz. Why not? Do'st think Bravery and Gaiety are inconsistent? He's a Gentleman of most happy Circumstances, born to a plentiful Estate; has had a Genteel and easie Education, free from the Rigidness of Teachers, and Pedantry of Schools. His florid Constitution being never ruffled by Misfortune, nor stinted in its Pleasures, has render'd him entertaining to others, and easie to himself.----- Turning all Passion into Gaiety of Humour, by which he chuses rather to rejoyce with his Friends, than be hated by any; as you shall see.

Re-enter Wildair.

Wild. Ha, *Vizard!*

Viz.

Viz. Sir Harry!

Wild. Who thought to find you out of the *Rubrick* so long? I thought thy Hypocrisie had been wedded to a Pulpit-Cushion long ago——Sir, if I mistake not your Face, your Name is *Standard*.

Stand. Sir Harry, I'm your humble Servant.

Wild. Come, Gentlemen, the News, the News o'th' Town, for I'm just arriv'd.

Viz. Why, in the City-end o'th' Town we're playing the Knave, to get Estates.

Stand. And in the Court-end playing the Fool, in spending 'em.

Wild. Just so in *Paris*; I'm glad we're grown so modish.

Viz. We are so reform'd, that Gallantry is taken for Vice.

Strand. And Hypocrisie for Religion.

Wild. *Alamode de Paris*, agen.

Viz. Not one Whore between *Ludgate* and *Aldgate*.

Stand. But ten times more Cuckolds than ever.

Viz. Nothing like an Oath in the City.

Stand. That's a Mistake; for my Major swore a hundred and fifty last night to a Merchant's Wife in her Bed-chamber.

Wild. Pshaw, this is trifling; tell me News, Gentlemen. What Lord has lately broke his Fortune at the Groom-Porters? or his Hearr at *New-Market*, for the loss of a Race? What Wife has been lately suing in *Doctors-Commons* for Alimony? or, what Daughter run away with her Father's *Valet*? What Beau gave the noblest Ball at the *Bath*, or had the finest Coach in the Ring? I want news, Gentlemen.

Strand. Faith, Sir, these are no News at all.

Viz. But pray, Sir Harry, tell us some News of your Travels.

Wild. With all my Heart—You must know then, I went over to *Amsterdam* in a *Dutch Ship*: I there had a *Dutch Whore* for five Stivers: I went from thence to *Landen*, where I was heartily drub'd in the Battel with the But-end of a *Swiss Musket*. I thence went to *Paris*, where I had half a dozen Intrigues,
bought

The Constant Couple.

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bought half a dozen new Suits, fought a couple of Duels, and here I am agen in *statu quo*.

Viz. But we heard that you design'd to make the Tour of *Italy*; What brought you back so soon?

Wild. That which brought you into the World, and may perhaps carry you out of it; a Woman.

Stand. What! quit the Pleasures of Travel for a Woman! ———

Wild. Ay, Collonel, for such a Woman! I had rather see her *Ruell* than the Palace of *Lewis le Grand*: There's more Glory in her Smile, than in the *Jubilee* at *Rome*; and I wou'd rather kiss her Hand than the Pope's Toe.

Viz. You, Collonel, have been very lavish in the Beauty and Virtue of your Mistress; and Sir *Harry* here, has been no less eloquent in the Praise of his. Now will I lay you both Ten Guineas a piece, that neither of them is so pretty, so witty, or so virtuous, as mine.

Stand. 'Tis done.

Wild. I'll double the Stakes ——— But, Gentlemen, now I think on't, how shall we be resolv'd? For I know not where my Mistress may be found; she left *Paris* about a Month before me, and I had an Account ———

Stand. How Sir! left *Paris* about a Month before you!

Wild. Yes, Sir, and I had an Account that she lodg'd somewhere in *St. James's*.

Viz. How! somewhere in *St. James's*, say you?

Wild. Ay Sir, but I know not where, and perhaps mayn't find her this Fortnight.

Stand. Her Name, pray, Sir *Harry*.

Viz. Ay, ay, her Name, perhaps we know her.

Wild. Her Name! Ay, ——— she has the softest, whitest Hand that e'er was made of Flesh and Blood, her Lips so balmy sweet ———

Stand. But her Name, Sir.

Wild. Then her Neck and Breast; ——— her Breasts do so heave, so heave.

[Singing.

Viz. But her Name, Sir, her Quality.

Wild

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Wild. Then her Shape, Collonel.

Stand. But her Name I want, Sir.

Wild. Then her Eyes, *Vizard*!

Stand. 'Pshaw, Sir *Harry*, her Name, or nothing.

Wild. Then if you must have it, she's call'd the Lady ——— But then her Foot, Gentlemen, she dances to a Miracle. *Vizard*, you have certainly lost your Wager.

Viz. Why, you have certainly lost your Senses; we shall never discover the Picture, unless you subscribe the Name.

Wild. Then her Name is *Lurewell*.

Stand. 'Sdeath, my Mistress.

Viz. My Mistress, by *Jupiter*.

Wild. Do you know her, Gentlemen?

Stand. I have seen her, Sir.

Wild. Can't tell where she lodges? Tell me, dear Collonel.

Stand. Your humble Servant, Sir. [Exit *Stand.*

Wild. Nay, hold Collonel, I'll follow you, and will know. [Runs out.

Viz. The Lady *Lurewell*, his Mistress! He loves her. But she loves me, ——— but he's a Baronet, and I plain *Vizard*; he has a Coach and Six, and I walk a foot; I was bred in *London*, and he in *Paris*; ——— That very Circumstance has murder'd me ——— Then some Stratagem must be laid to divert his Pretensions.

Re-enter Wildair.

Wild. Prithee, *Dick*, what makes the Collonel so out of Humour?

Viz. Because he's out of Pay, I suppose.

Wild. 'Slife that's true; I was beginning to mistrust some Rivalship in the Case.

Viz. And suppose there were, you know the Collonel can fight, Sir *Harry*.

Wild. Fight! 'Pshaw! but he can't dance, ha! We contend for a Woman, *Vizard*! 'Slife, Man, if Ladies were to be gain'd by Sword and Pistol only, what the Devil should all we Beaux do?

Viz.

The Constant Couple.

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Viz. I'll try him farther. [*Aside.*] But wou'd not you, Sir *Harry*; fight for this Woman you so much admire?

Wild. Fight! Let me consider. I love her—that's true;——but then I love honest Sir *Harry Wildair* better. The Lady *Lurewell* is divinely charming—right—but then a Thrust i'th' Guts, or a *Middlesex Jury*, is as ugly as the Devil.

Viz. Ay, Sir *Harry*, 'twere a dangerous Cast for a Beau Baronet to be tried by a parcel of greasie, grumbling, bartering Boobies, who wou'd hang you purely because you're a Gentleman.

Wild. Ay, but on t'other hand, I have Money enough to bribe the Rogues with: So upon mature Deliberation, I wou'd fight for her.—But no more of her. Prithee, *Vizard*, can't you recommend a Friend to a pretty Mistress by the by, till I can find my own? You have store, I'm sure; you cunning poaching Dogs make surer Game, than we that hunt open and fair. Prithee now, good *Vizard*.

Viz. Let me consider a little.—— Now Love and Revenge inspire my Politicks. [*Aside.*

[*Pauses whilst Sir Harry walks singing.*

Wild. 'Pshaw! thou'rt as long studying for a new Mistress, as a Drawer is piercing a new Pipe.

Viz. I design a new Pipe for you, and wholesome Wine; you'll therefore bear a little Expectation.

Wild. Ha! say'st thou, dear *Vizard*.

Viz. A Girl of Sixteen, Sir *Harry*.

Wild. Now sixteen thousand Blessings light on thee.

Viz. Pretty and Witty.

Wild. Ay, ay, but her Name, *Vizard*.

Viz. Her Name! yes,——she has the softest whitest Hand that e'er was made of Flesh and Blood, her Lips so balmy sweet——

Wild. Well, well, but where shall I find her, Man?

Viz. Find her!——but then her Foot, Sir *Harry*; she dances to a Miracle.

Wild. Prithee don't distract me.

Viz.

Viz. Well then, you must know, that this Lady is the greatest Beauty in Town; her Name's *Angelica*. She that passes for her Mother is a private Bawd and call'd the Lady *Darling*; she goes for a Baronet's Lady, (no Disparagement to your Honour, Sir Harry) I assure you.

Wild. 't shaw, hang my Honour; but what Street what House?

Viz. Not so fast, Sir Harry; you must have my Passport for your Admittance, and you'll find my Recommendation in a Line or two will procure you very civil Entertainment; I suppose 20 or 30 Pieces handsomely plac'd, will gain the Point; I'll ensure her found.

Wild. Thou dearest Friend to a Man in Necessity — Here, Sirrah, order my Coach about to *St. James's*; I'll walk across the Park. [*To his Servant*]

Enter Clincher Senior.

Clinch. Here, Sirrah, order my Coach about to *St. James's*, I'll walk across the Park too —

Mr. Vizard, your most devoted —

Sir, [*to Wildair*] I admire the Mode of your Shoulderknot.

Methinks it hangs very emphatically, and carries an Air of Travel in it;

Your Sword-knot too is most ornamentally modish, And bears a foreign Mien.

Gentlemen, My Brother is just arriv'd in Town, So that being upon the Wing to kiss his Hands,

I hope you'll pardon this abrupt Departure, of

Gentlemen, your most devoted, and most faithful humble Servant. [*Exit.*]

Wild. Prithce dost know him?

Viz. Know him! why 'tis *Clincher*, who was Apprentice to my Uncle *Smuggler*, the Merchant in the City.

Wild. What makes him so gay?

Viz. Why he's in Mourning.

Wild. In Mourning!

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Viz. Yes, for his Father, the kind old Man in
Hertsfordshire t'other Day broke his Neck a Fox-
hunting ;
The Son upon the News has broke his Indentures ;
Whip'd from behind the Counter into the Side-Box,
forswears Merchandise, where he must live by Cheating.
And usurps Gentility, where he may die by Raking.
He keeps his Coach, and Liveries, *Brace of Geldings,*
Cauch of Mistresses, talks of nothing but Wines,
Trigues, Plays, Fashions, and going to the Jubilee.
Wild. Ha, ha, ha, how many pound of Pulvil must
the Fellow use in sweetning himself from the smell
of Hops and Tobacco ?
Laugh—I'my Conscience methought,
like *Olivia's* Lover, he stunk of *Thames-street*.
But now for *Angelica*, that's her Name :
We'll to the Prince's Chocolate-House,
Where you shall write my Passport, *Allons.* [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE, *Lady Lurewell's Lodgings.*

Lurewell and her Maid Parly.

Lure. Parly, my Pocket-Book--let me see--*Madrid,*
Genice, Paris, London!—Ay, *London!* They may talk
What they will of the hot Countries, but I find Love
Most fruitful under this Climate—In a Month's space,
Have I gain'd—let me see, *Imprimis*, *Collonel Standard.*

Par. And how will your Ladyship manage him ?

Lure. As all Soldiers should be manag'd, he shall
serve me till I gain my Ends, then I'll disband him.

Par. But he loves you, Madam.

Lure. Therefore I scorn him ;

I hate all that don't love me, and slight all that do :

Would his whole deluding Sex admir'd me.

Thus wou'd I slight them all ;

My Virgin and unwary Innocence

Was wrong'd by faithless Man,

But gow glance Eyes, plot Brain, dissemble Face,

Eye Tongue, and be a second *Eve* to tempt, seduce, and

Damn

Damn the treacherous Kind. ———

Let me survey my Captives. ———

The *Collonel* leads the Van ; next Mr. *Vizard*,

He courts me out of the Practice of Piety,

Therefore is a Hypocrite:

Then *Clincher*, he adores me with Orangeriee,

And is consequently a Fool;

Then my old Merchant, Alderman *Smugler*,

He's a Compound of both ; ——— out of which Medd

of Lovers, if I don't make good Diversion ———

What dy'e think, *Parly*?

Par. I think, Madam, I'm like to be very virtuous
in your Service,

If you teach me all those Tricks that you use to your
Lovers.

Lure. You're a Fool, Child ! observe this, tho' a Woman swear, forswear, lie, dissemble, backbite, be proud, vain, malicious, any thing, if she secures the main Chance, she's still virtuous; that's Maxim.

Par. I can't be persuaded tho', Madam, but that you really lov'd Sir *Harry Wildair* in *Paris*.

Lure. Of all the Lovers I ever had, he was my greatest Plague, for I cou'd never make him uneasy. I left him involv'd in a Duel upon my Account; long to know whether the Fop be kill'd or not.

Enter Standard.

O Lord ! no sooner talk of killing, but the Soldier is conjur'd up; you're upon hard Duty, Collonel, to serve your King, your Country, and a Mistress too.

Stand. The latter, I must confess, is the hardest for in War, Madam, we can be reliev'd in our Duty ; but in Love, who wou'd take our Post, is our Enemy; Emulation in Glory is transporting, but Rivals here intolerable.

Lure. Those that bear away the Prize in the Field, should boast the same Success in the Bed-chamber; and I think, considering the Weakness of our Sex, we should

you'd make those our Companions who can be our
champions.

Stand. I once, Madam, hop'd the Honour of de-
fending you from all Injuries thro' a Title to your
lovely Person, but now my love must attend my
fortune. My Commission, Madam, was my Pas-
sport to the Fair; adding a Nobleness to my Passion,
a stamp a Value in my Love; 'twas once the Life
Honour, but now its Winding-Sheet, and with it
must my Love be buried.

Par. What! disbanded Collonel?

Stand. Yes, Mrs. *Parly*.

Par. Faugh, the nauseous Fellow! he stinks of Po-
rty already. [*Aside.*]

Lure. His Misfortune troubles me, 'cause it may
event my Designs. [*Aside.*]

Stand. I'll chuse, Madam, rather to destroy my
affion by absence abroad, than have it starv'd at
ome.

Lure. I'm sorry, Sir, you have so mean an Opini-
on of my Affection, as to imagine it founded upon
our Fortune. And to convince you of your Mi-
ake, here I vow by all that's sacred, I own the same
affection now as before. Let it suffice, my Fortune
considerable.

Stand. No, Madam, no; I'll never be a Charge
on her I love! The Man that sells himself for Gold,
the worst of Prostitutes.

Lure. Now were he any other Creature but a
Man, I cou'd love him. [*Aside.*]

Stand. This only last Request I make, that no Ti-
me recommend a Fool, no Office introduce a Knave,
nor Coat a Coward to my Place in your Affections; so
adieu my Countrey, and adieu my Love. [*Exit.*]

Lure. Now the Devil take thee for being so honoura-
ble; Here, *Parly*, call him back, I shall lose half my Di-
version else. Now for a trial of Skill. [*Re-enter Collonel.*]

Sir, I hope you'll pardon my Curiosity:

When do you take your Journey?

Stand.

The Constant Couple.

Stand. To morrow Morning, early, Madam.

Lure. So suddenly! which way are you design to travel?

Stand. That I can't yet resolve on.

Lure. Pray Sir, tell me, pray Sir; I intreat you Why are you so obstinate?

Stand. Why are you so curious, Madam?

Lure. Because——

Stand. What!

Lure. Because, I, I,——

Stand. Because! What Madam?—pray tell me.

Lure. Because I design to follow you. [Crying]

Stand. Follow me! By all that's great, I ne'er was proud before.

But such Love from such a Creature
Might swell the Vanity of the proudest Prince.

Follow me! By Heaven's thou shalt not.

What! expose thee to the Hazards of a Camp——

Rather I'll stay, and here

Bear the Contempt of Fools, and worst of Fortune.

Lure. You need not, shall not, my Estate for both is sufficient.

Stand. Thy Estate! No, I'll turn a Knave, and purchase one my self; I'll cringe to the proud Man I undermine, and fawn on him that I wou'd bite to Death; I'll tip my Tongue with Flattery, and smooth my Face with Smiles; I'll turn Pimp, Informer, Office-broker, nay Coward, to be great; and sacrifice it all to thee, my generous Fair.

Lure. And I'll dissemble, lye, swear, jilt, any thing, but I'll reward thy Love, and recompense thy noble Passion.

Stand. Sir Harry, ha, ha, ha; poor Sir Harry, ha, ha, ha. Rather kiss her Hand than the Pope's Toe, ha, ha, ha.

Lure. What Sir Harry, Collonel, What Sir Harry!

Stand. Sir Harry Wildair, Madam.

Lure. What? Is he come over?

Stand. Ay, and he told me—but I don't believe a Syllable on't.

Lure.

Lure. What did he tell you?

Stand. Only call'd you his Mistress, and pretending to be extravagant in your Commendation, would mainly insinuate the Praise of his own Judgment and good Fortune in a Choice.——

Lure. How easily is the Vanity of Fops tickled by our Sex!

Stand. Why, your Sex is the Vanity of Fops.

Lure. O' my Conscience, I believe so; this Gentleman, because he Danc'd well, I pitch'd on for a Partner at a Ball in *Paris*, and ever since he has persecuted me with Letters, Songs, Dances, Serenading, Flattery, Foppery, and Noise, that I was forc'd to fly the Kingdom——And I warrant you he made you jealous.

Stand. Faith, Madam, I was a little uneasy.

Lure. You shall have a plentiful Revenge; I'll send him back all his foolish Letters, Songs and Verses, and you your self shall carry 'em; 'twill afford you Opportunity of triumphing, and free me from his farther Impertinence; for of all Men he's my Aversion. I'll run and fetch them instantly.

Stand. Dear Madam, a rare Project! How shall I bait him like *Acteon* with his own Dogs——Well, Mrs. Parly, 'tis order'd by *Act of Parliament*, that you receive no more Pieces, Mrs. Parly.——

Par. 'Tis provided by the same Act, that you send no more Messages by me, good Collonel; you must not pretend to send any more Letters, unless you can pay the Postage.

Stand. Come, come, don't be mercenary; take Example by your Lady, be honourable.

Par. A lack a day, Sir, it shews as ridiculous and haughty for us to imitate our Betters in their Honour, as in their Finery; leave Honour to Nobility that can support it: We poor Folks, Collonel, have no pretence to't; and truly, I think, Sir, that your Honour shou'd be cashier'd with your Leading-staff.

Stand. 'Tis one of the greatest Curses of Poverty, to be the Jest of Chambermaids!

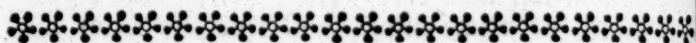
Enter

Enter Lurewell.

Lure. Here's the Packet, Collonel ; the whole Magazine of Love's Artillery. [*Gives him the Packet*]
Stand. Which since I have gain'd, I will turn up on the Enemy ; Madam, I'll bring you the News of my Victory this Evening. Poor Sir Harry, ha, ha, ha. [*Exit*]

Lure. To the right about as you were, march, Collonel ! Ha, ha, ha.

*Vain Man, who boasts of study'd Parts and Wiles !
 Nature in us, your deepest Art beguiles,
 Stamping deep Cunning in our Frowns and Smiles. }
 You toil for Art, your Intellects you trace ;
 Woman, without a thought, bears Policy in her Face.*

The End of the first A C T.

A C T II.

SCENE, Clincher Junior's Lodgings.

Enter Clincher opening a Letter, Servant following.

Dear Brother,

Clin.---reads. *I* Will see you presently ; I have sent this
 Lad to wait on you, he can instruct you
 in the Fashions of the Town ; I am your affectionate
 Brother,

Clincher.

Very well, and what's your Name, Sir ?

Dick. My Name is Dicky, Sir.*Clin.* Dicky !*Dick.* Ay, Dicky, Sir.*Clin.*

Clin. Very well, a pretty Name! And what can you do, Mr. *Dicky*?

Dick. Why, Sir, I can powder a Wig, and pick up a Whore.

Clin. O Lord! O Lord! A Whore! Why are there many Whores in this Town?

Dick. Ha, ha, ha, many Whores? There's a Question indeed; why Sir, there are above five hundred Surgeons in Town.—Hark'e, Sir, do you see that Woman there in the Velvet Scarf, and red Knots?

Clin. Ay, Sir, what then?

Dick. Why, she shall be at your Service in three Minutes, as I'm a Pimp.

Clin. O *Jupiter Ammon*? Why she's a Gentlewoman.

Dick. A Gentlewoman! Why so are all the Whores in Town, Sir.

Enter Clincher Senior.

Clin. sen. Brother, you're welcome to *London*!

Clin. jun. I thought, Brother, you ow'd so much to the Memory of my Father, as to wear Mourning for his Death.

Clin. sen. Why so I do, Fool; I wear this because I have the Estate, and you wear that, because you have not the Estate. You have cause to mourn indeed, Brother. Well, Brother, I'm glad, to see you, fare you well. [*Going.*]

Clin. jun. Stay, stay, Brother, where are you going?

Clin. sen. How natural 'tis for a Country Booby to ask impertinent Questions. Hark'e, Sir, is not my Father dead?

Clin. jun. Ay, ay, to my Sorrow.

Clin. sen. No matter for that, he's dead; and am not I a young powder'd extravagant *English* He r?

Clin. jun. Very right, Sir.

Clin. sen. Why then, Sir, you may be sure that I am going to the *Jubilee*, Sir.

Clin. jun. *Jubilee*! What's that?

Clinch. sen. *Jubilee!* Why the *Jubilee* is——faith I don't know what it is.

Dick. Why, the *Jubilee* is the same thing with our *Lord Mayor's Day* in the City; there will be *Pageants*, and *Squibbs*, and *Raree Shows*, and all that, Sir.

Clin. jun. And must you go so soon, Brother?

Clin. sen. Yes, Sir, for I must stay a Month in *Amsterdam*, to study Poetry.

Clin. jun. Then I suppose, Brother, you travel through *Muscovy* to learn Fashions, don't you, Brother?

Clin. sen. Brother! Prithee, *Robin*, don't call me Brother; Sir, will do every jot as well.

Clin. jun. O *Jupiter Ammon!* Why so?

Clin. sen. Because People will imagine that you have a spite at me——But have you seen your Cousin *Angelica* yet, and her Mother the Lady *Darling*?

Clin. jun. No, My Dancing-Master has not been with me yet: How shall I salute them, Brother?

Clin. sen. 'Pshaw, that's easie, 'tis only two Scrapes, a Kiss, and your humble Servant; I'll tell you more when I come from the *Jubilee*: Come along.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE, *Lady Darling's House.*

Enter Wildair with a Letter.

Wild. *L*ike Light and Heat incorporate we lay,
We blest the Night, and curst the coming Day.

Well, if this Paper-kite flies sure, I'm secure of my Game——*Humph!* The prettiest *Bordel* I have seen, a very stately genteel one. [*Footmen cross the Stage.*] Hey day! Equipage too! Now for a Bawd by the *Curtesy*, and a Whore with a *Coat of Arms*——'Sdeath, I'm afraid I've mistaken the House.

Enter

Enter Lady Darling.

No, this must be the Bawd by her Bulk.

Darl. Your Business, pray Sir?

Wild. Pleasure, Madam.

Darl. Then, Sir, you have no Business here.

Wild. This Letter, Madam, will inform you farther; Mr. *Vizard* sent it, with his humble Service to your Ladyship.

Darl. How does my Cousin, Sir?

Wild. Ay, her Cousin too, that's right Procurefs agen.

Madam

Darl. reads. **E** Earnest Inclination to serve—Sir Harry ——— Madam ——— Court my Cousin ——— Gentleman ——— Fortune ———

Your Ladyship's most humble Servant,

VIZARD.

Sir, Your Fortune and Quality are sufficient to recommend you any where; but what goes farther with me, is the Recommendation of so sober and pious a young Gentleman as my Cousin *Vizard*.

Wild. A right sanctify'd Bawd o' my Word.

Darl. Sir *Harry*, your Conversation with Mr. *Vizard* argues you a Gentleman, free from the loose and vicious Carriage of the Town; I'll therefore call my Daughter. [Exit.]

Wild. Now go thy way for an illustrious Bawd of *Babylon*——She dresses up a Sin so religiously, that the Devil wou'd hardly know it of his making.

Re-enter Darling with Angelica

Darl. Pray Daughter use him civilly, such Matches won't offer every Day. [Exit.]

Wild. O all ye Powers of Love! An Angel! 'sdeath, what Mony have I got in my Pocket! I can't offer her

her less than twenty Guineas ——— and by *Jupiter*, she's worth a hundred.

Angel. 'Tis he! The very same! And his Person as agreeable as his Character of good Humour ——— Pray Heav'n his Silence proceed from Respect.

Wild. How innocent she looks! How would that Modesty adorn Virtue, when it makes even Vice look so charming! ——— By Heav'n there's such a commanding Innocence in her Looks, that I dare not ask the Question.

Angel. Now all the Charms of real Love and feign'd Indifference assist me to engage his Heart, for mine is lost already.

Wild. Madam — I, I — Zoons, I cannot speak to her — But she's a Whore, and I will ——— Madam, in short, I, I ——— O Hypocrisie, Hypocrisie, What a charming Sin art thou?

Angel. He is caught; now to secure my Conquest — I thought, Sir, you had Business to communicate.

Wild. Business to communicate! How nicely she words it! Yes, Madam I have a little Business to communicate. Don't you love singing Birds, Madam?

Angel. That's an odd Question for a Lover ——— Yes, Sir.

Wild. Why then, Madam, here is a Nest of the prettiest Goldfinches that ever chirp'd in a Cage; twenty young ones, I assure you, Madam.

Angel. Twenty young ones! What then, Sir?

Wild. Why then, Madam, there are — twenty young ones ——— 'Slife, I think twenty is pretty fair.

Angel. He's mad, sure ——— Sir *Harry*, when you have learn'd more Wit and Manners, you shall be welcome here again.

Wild. Wit and Manners! I Gad now I conceive there is a great deal of Wit and Manners in twenty Guineas ——— I'm sure 'tis all the Wit and Manners I have about me at present. What shall I do?

Enter.

The Constant Couple.

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Enter Clincher junior and Dicky.

What the Devil's here? Another Cousin, I warrant ye! Hark'e, Sir, can you lend me ten or a dozen Guineas instantly? I'll pay you fifteen for them in three Hours upon my Honour.

Clin. jun. These *London* Sparks are plagu' impudent! This Fellow, by his Wig and Assurance, can be no less than a Courtier.

Dick. He's rather a Courtier by his borrowing.

Clin. jun. Faith, Sir, I han't above five Guineas about me.

Wild. What Business have you here then, Sir? For to my Knowledge twenty won't be sufficient.

Clin. jun. Sufficient! For what, Sir?

Wild. What Sir! Why, for that Sir, what the Devil should it be, Sir; I know your Business notwithstanding all your Gravity, Sir.

Clin. jun. My Business! Why my Cousin lives here.

Wild. I know your Cousin does live here, and *Vizard's* Cousin, and every Body's Cousin ——— Hark'e, Sir, I shall return immediately; and if you offer to touch her till I come back, I shall cut your Throat, Rascal.

[*Exit.*

Clin. jun. Why the Man's mad, sure!

Dick. Mad, Sir, ay; why he's a Beau.

Clin. jun. A Beau! What's that? are all Madmen Beaux?

Dick. No, Sir; but most Beaux are Madmen. But now for your Cousin: Remember your three Scrapes, a kiss, and your humble Servant.

[*Exeunt, as into the House*

SCENE, *the Street.*

Enter Wildair, Collonel following.

Stand. Sir Harry, Sir Harry.

Wild. I'm in haste, Collonel; besides, if you're in no better Humour than when I parted with you in the Park this Morning, your Company won't be very agreeable.

Stand. You're a happy Man, Sir *Harry*, who are never out of Humour: Can nothing move your Gall, Sir *Harry*.

Wild. Nothing but Impossibilities, which are the same as nothing.

Stand. What Impossibilities?

Wild. The Resurrection of my Father to disinherit me, or an Act of Parliament against Wenching, A Man of Eight thousand Pound *per Annum* to be vext! No, no, Anger and Spleen are Companions for younger Brothers.

Stand. Suppose one call'd you Son of a Whore behind your Back.

Wild. Why, then wou'd I call him Rascal behind his Back, so we're even.

Stand. But suppose you had lost a Mistress.

Wild. Why, then I wou'd get another.

Stand. But suppose you were discarded by the Woman you love, that wou'd surely trouble you.

Wild. You're mistaken, Colonel; my Love is neither romantically honourable, nor meanly mercenary; 'tis only a Pitch of Gratitude; while she loves me, I love her; when she desists, the Obligation's void.

Stand. But to be mistaken in your Opinion, Sir: if the Lady *Lurewell* (only suppose it) had discarded you—I say, only suppose it—and had sent your Discharge by me.

Wild. 'Pshaw! that's another Impossibility.

Stand. Are you sure of that?

Wild. Why, 'twere a Solecism in Nature. Why she's a Rib of me, Sir. She dances with me, sings with me, plays with me, swears with me, lies with me.

Stand. How, Sir?

Wild.

Wild. I mean in an honourable way ; that is, *fl.c*
lies for me. In short, we are as like one another
as a couple of Guineas.

Stand. Now that I have rais'd you to the highest
Pinnacle of Vanity, will I give you so mortifying a
Fall, as shall dash your Hopes to pieces. — I pray
your Honour to peruse these Papers.

[*Gives him the Packet.*]

Wild. What is't, the Muster-Roll of your Regi-
ment, Collonel?

Stand. No, no, 'tis a List of your Forces in your
last Love Campaign ; and, for your Comfort, all
disbanded.

Wild. Prithee, good Metaphorical Collonel, what
d'ye mean?

Stand. Read, Sir, read ; these are the *Sibyls* Leaves
that will unfold your Destiny.

Wild. So it be not a false Deed to cheat me of my
Estate, what care I.—[*Opening the Packet.*] *Humph!*
my Hand! to the Lady *Lurewell*, —to the Lady
Lurewell, —to the Lady *Lurewell*, — What the
Devil hast thou been tampering with, to conjure up
these Spirits?

Stand. A certain Familiar of your Acquaintance,
Sir, read, read.

Wild. [*Reading.*] —Madam, my Passion—so na-
tural — your Beauty contending — Force of
Charms — Mankind — Eternal Admirer *Wildair!*
I ne'er was aham'd of my Name before.

Stand. What, Sir *Harry Wildair* out of Humour!
ha, ha, ha, poor Sir *Harry* ; more Glory in her Smile
than in the *Jubilee* at *Rome*, ha, ha, ha ! But then her
Foot, Sir *Harry*, she dances to a Miracle! ha, ha, ha !
Fy, Sir *Harry*, a Man of your Parts write Letters
not worth keeping! What say'st thou, my dear
Knight Errant? ha, ha, ha! you may seek Adven-
tures now indeed.

Wild. [*sings.*] No, no, let her wander, &c.

Stand. You are jilted to some Tune, Sir, blōwn up with false Musick, that's all.

Wild. Now, why should I be angry that a Woman is a Woman? Since Inconstancy and Falshood are grounded in their Natures, how can they help it?

Stand. Then they must be grounded in your Nature; for She's a Rib of you, Sir *Harry*.

Wild. Here's a Copy of Verses too; I must turn Poet in the Devil's Name.—Stay——'Sdeath, what's here? This is her hand—Oh the charming Characters! My dear Wildair. [*Reading.*] That's I egad! *this bluff bluff Collonel*—that's he—*is the rarest Fool in Nature*——the Devil he is!——*and as such have I us'd him*——with all my Heart, Faith,——*I had no better way of letting you know that I lodge in St. James's near the Holy Lamb. Lurewell.* Collonel, I'm your most humble Servant.

Stand. Hold, Sir, you sha'n't go yet; I ha'n't deliver'd half my Message.

Wild. Upon my Faith but you have, Collonel.

Stand. Well, well, own your Spleen; out with it, I know you're like to burst.

Wild. I am so, 'e Gad, ha, ha, ha.

[*Laugh and point at one another.*]

Stand. Ay, with all my Heart, ha, ha.
Well, well, that's forc'd Sir *Harry*.

Wild. I was never better pleas'd in all my Life, by *Jupiter*.

Stand. Well, Sir, *Harry*, 'tis Prudence to hide your Concern, when there's no help for't——: But to be serious now. The Lady has sent you back all your Papers there—I was so just as not to look upon 'em.

Wild. I'm glad on't, Sir; for there were some things that I would not have you see.

Stand. All this she has done for my sake, and I desire you would decline any farther Pretensions for your own sake. So honest, good-natur'd Sir *Harry*, I'm your humble Servant. [*Exit.*]

Wild. Ha, ha, ha, poor Collonel! O the delight of an ingenious Mistress! what a Life and Briskness it adds

The Constant Couple,

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adds to an Amour, like the Loves of mighty *Jove*,
still suing in different Shapes. A *Legerdmain Mistress*,
who, *Presto! Pass!* and she's vanish'd, then *Hey!* in an
Instant in your Arms again. [Going.

Enter Vizard.

Viz. Well met, *Sir Harry*; what News from the
Island of Love?

Wild. Faith, we made but a Broken Voyage by
your Chart; but now I am bound for another Port;
I told you the Collonel was my Rival.

Viz. The Collonel! curs'd Misfortune! another!

[*Aside.*

Wild. But the civilest in the World; he brought
me word where my Mistress lodges: The Story's too
long to tell you now, for I must fly.

Viz. What! have you given over all thoughts of
Angelica?

Wild. No, no, I'll think of her some other time.
But now for the Lady *Lurewell*; Wit and Beauty
calls.

*That Mistress ne'er can pall her Lover's Joys,
Whose Wit can whet, whene'er her Beauty cloy.
Her little amorous Frauds all Truths excel,
And make us happy, being deceiv'd so well.* [Exit.

Viz. solus.——The Collonel my Rival too! how
shall I manage? There is but one way——him and
the Knight will I set a tilting, where one cuts t'o-
ther's Throat, and the Survivor's hang'd: So there
will be two Rivals pretty decently dispos'd of. Since
Honour may oblige them to play the Fool, why
should not Necessity engage me to play the Knave.

[Exit.

SCENE, *Lurewell's Lodgings.*

Lurewell and Parly.

Lure. Has my Servant brought me the Money
from my Merchant?

F

Par.

Par. No, Madam, he met Alderman *Smuggler* at *Charing-Cross*, who has promis'd to wait on you himself immediately.

Lure. 'Tis odd, that this old Rogue shou'd pretend to love me, and at the same time cheat me of my Money.

Par. 'Tis well, Madam, if he don't cheat you of your Estate; for you say, the Writings are in his Hands.

Lure. But what Satisfaction can I get of him? Oh! here he comes.

Enter Smuggler.

Mr. Alderman, your Servant; have you brought me any Money, Sir?

Smug. Faith, Madam, Trading is very dead; what with paying the Taxes, raising the Customs, Losses at Sea abroad, and maintaining our Wives at home, the Bank is reduc'd very low.

Lure. Come, come, Sir, these Evasions won't serve your turn; I must have Money, Sir ——— I hope you don't design to cheat me.

Smug. Cheat you, Madam! have a care what you say: I'm an Alderman, Madam! Cheat you, Madam! I have been an honest Citizen these five and thirty Years!

Lure. An honest Citizen! bear witness, *Parly!* I shall trap him in more Lies presently. ——— Come, Sir, tho' I am a Woman, I can take a course.

Smug. What course, Madam? You'll go to Law, will ye? I can maintain a Suit of Law, be it right or wrong, these forty Years, I'm sure of that, thanks to the honest Practice of the Courts.

Lure. Sir, I'll blast your Reputation, and so ruin your Credit.

Smug. Blast my Reputation! he, he, he: Why, I'm a religious Man, Madam! I have been very instrumental in the Reformation of Manners: Ruin my Credit! ah, poor Woman. There is but one way, Madam, ——— you have a sweet leering Eye.

Lure. You instrumental in the Reformation! How?

Smug.

Smug. I whipt all the Whores, Cut and Long-Tail, out of the Parish—— Ah! that leering Eye! Then I voted for pulling down the Playhouse:—— Ah! that Ogle, that Ogle—Then my own pious Example:—— Ah! that Lip, that Lip!

Lure. Here's a religious Rogue for you now!—— As I hope to be fav'd, I have a good mind to beat the old Monster.

Smug. Madam, I have brought you about a hundred and fifty Guineas, (a great deal of Money as Times go) and ——

Lure. Come, give 'em me.

Smug. Ah! that Hand, that Hand, that pretty soft, white——I have brought it, you see; but the Condition of the Obligation is such, that whereas that leering Eye, that pouting Lip, that pretty soft Hand that——you understand me; you understand, I'm sure you do, you little Rogue——

Lure. Here's a Villain now, so covetous, that he won't Wench upon his own Cost, but would bribe me with my own Money. I will be reveng'd.—— Upon my word, Mr. Alderman, you make me blush; what d'ye mean, pray?

Smug. See here, Madam:

[*Puts a Piece of Money in his Mouth.*]

Buss and Guinea, Buss and Guinea, Buss and Guinea.

Lure. Well, Mr. Alderman, you have such pretty winning Ways, that I will, ha, ha, ha, ha.

Smug. Will you indeed, he, he, he, my little Cocket; and when? and where? and how?

Lure. 'Twill be a difficult point, Sir, to secure both our Honours; you must therefore be disguis'd Mr. Alderman.

Smug. 'Plhaw! no matter, I am an old Fornicator, I'm not half so religious as I seem to be. You little Rogue; why, 'I'm disguis'd as I am; our Sanctity is all outside, all Hypocrisie.

Lure. No Man is seen to come into this House after Night-fall ; you must therefore sneak in, when 'tis dark, in Woman's Cloaths.

Smug. With all my Heart ! — I have a Suit a purpose, my little Cocket ; I love to be disguis'd, I cod, I make a very handsom Woman, I cod I do.

Enter Servant, whispers Lurewell.

Lure. Oh ! Mr. Alderman, shall I beg you to walk into next Room ? here are some Strangers coming up.

Smug. Buss and Guinea first ; ah, my little Cocket. [Exit.

Enter Wildair.

Wild. My Life, my Soul, my all that Heaven can give.

Lure. Death's Life with thee, without thee Death to live.

Welcome my dear Sir *Harry*, I see you got my Directions.

Wild. Directions ! in the most charming manner, thou dear *Machiavel* of Intrigue.

Lure. Still brisk and airy, I find, Sir *Harry*.

Wild. The sight of you, Madam, exalts my Air, and makes Joy lighten in my Face.

Lure. I have a thousand Questions to ask you, Sir *Harry* ; How d'ye like *France* ?

Wild. *Ah ! est le plus beau Pais du monde.*

Lure. Then what made you leave it so soon ?

Wild. *Madam, vous voyez que je vous suy partout.*

Lure. O Monsieur, je vous suis fort obligee — But where's the Court now ?

Wild. At Marli, Madam.

Lure. And where my Count, *La Valier* ?

Wild. His Body's in the Church of *Nostre Dame* ; I don't know where his Soul is.

Lure. What Disease did he die of ?

Wild. A *Duel*, Madam ; I was his Doctor.

Lure. How d'ye mean ?

Wild. As most Doctors do, I kill'd him.

Lure.

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Lure. *En Cavallier*, my dear Knight Errant, well, and how, and how; what Intrigues, what Gallantries are carrying on in the *Beau Monde*!

Wild. I should ask you that Question, Madam, since your Ladyship makes the *Beau Monde* wherever you come.

Lure. Ah! Sir *Harry*, I've been almost ruin'd, pester'd to death here, by the incessant Attacks of a mighty Collonel; he has besieg'd me as close as our Army did *Namur*.

Wild. I hope your Ladyship did not Surrender tho'.

Lure. No, no, but was forc'd to Capitulate; but since you are come to raise the Siege, we'll Dance, and Sing, and Laugh.

Wild. And love and kiss ——— *Montrez moy votre Chambre.*

Lure. *Attande, attande, un peu* ——— I remember, Sir *Harry*, you promis'd me in *Paris*, never to ask that impertinent Question agen.

Wild. 'Pshaw, Madam, that was above two Months ago; besides, Madam, Treaties made in *France* are never kept.

Lure. Wou'd you marry me, Sir *Harry*?

Wild. Oh! *Le mariage est une grand male* ——— but I will marry you.

Lure. Your Word, Sir, is not to be rely'd on; if a Gentleman will forfeit his Honour in Dealings of Business, we may reasonably suspect his Fidelity in an Amour.

Wild. My Honour in Dealings of Business! why, Madam, I never had any Business in all my Life.

Lure. Yes, Sir *Harry*, I have heard a very odd Story, and am sorry that a Gentleman of your Figure should undergo the Scandal.

Wild. Out with it, Madam.

Lure. Why, the Merchant, Sir, that transmitted your Bills of Exchange to you in *France*, complains of some indirect and dishonourable Dealings.

Wild. Who, old *Smuggler*!

Lure.

Lure. Ay, ay, you know him I find.

Wild. I have some Reason, I think; why the Rogue has cheated me of above five hundred Pound within these three Years.

Lure. 'Tis your Business then to acquit your self publickly; for he spreads the Scandal every where.

Wild. Acquit my self publickly! — Here, Sirrah, my Coach; I'll drive instantly into the City, and cane the old Villain round the *Royal-Exchange*; he shall run the Gauntlet through a thousand bruist Beavers and formal Cravats.

Lure. Why, he is in the House now, Sir.

Wild. What, in this House?

Lure. Ay, in the next Room.

Wild. Then, Sirrah, lend me your Cudgel.

Lure. Sir Harry, you won't raise a Disturbance in my House?

Wild. Disturbance, Madam, no, no, I'll beat him with the Temper of a Philosopher: Here, Mrs. Parly, shew me the Gentleman. [Exit with Parly.]

Lure. Now shall I get the old Monster well beaten, and Sir Harry pester'd next Term with Blood-sheds, Batteries, Costs and Damages, Solicitors and Attorneys; and if they don't teize him out of his good Humour, I'll never plot agen. [Exit.]

SCENE changes to another Room in the same House.

Enter Smuggler.

Smug. O, this damn'd Tide-waiter! A Ship and Cargo worth five thousand Pound! why, 'tis richly worth five hundred Perjuries.

Enter Wildair.

Wild. Dear Mr. Alderman, I'm your most devoted and humble Servant.

Smug. My best Friend, Sir Harry, you're welcome to England.

Wild. I'll assure you, Sir, there's not a Man in the King's Dominions I'm gladder to meet, Dear, dear Mr. Alderman. [Bowing very low.]

Smug.

The Constant Couple.

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Smug. O Lord, Sir, you Travellers have the most obliging ways with you.

Wild. There is a Business, Mr. Alderman, fall n out, which you may oblige me infinitely by——I am very sorry that I am forc'd to be troublesome; but Necessity, Mr. Alderman.

Smug. Ay, Sir, as you say, Necessity—But upon my word, Sir, I am very short of Money at present, but——

Wild. That's not the matter, Sir, I'm above an Obligation that way; but the Business is, I'm reduc'd to an indispensable Necessity of being oblig'd to you for a Beating——Here take this Cudgel.

Smug. A beating, Sir *Harry!* ha, ha, ha; I beat a Knight Baronet! an Alderman turn Cudgel-Player! ha, ha, ha.

Wild. Upon my Word, Sir, you must beat me, or I cudgel you; take your choice.

Smug. 'Pshaw, 'pshaw, you jest.

Wild. Nay, 'tis sure as Fate: so, Alderman, I hope you'll pardon my Curiosity. [*Strikes him.*]

Smug. Curiosity! Duce take your Curiosity, Sir; what d'ye mean?

Wild. Nothing at all; I'm but in jest, Sir.

Smug. O, I can take any thing in jest; but a Man might imagine by the smartness of the Stroak, that you were in downright earnest.

Wild. Not in the least, Sir; [*Strikes him.*] not in the least indeed, Sir.

Smug. Pray, good Sir, no more of your Jest; for they are the bluntest Jest; that ever I knew.

Wild. [*Strikes.*]—I heartily beg your pardon, with all my Heart, Sir.

Smug. Pardon, Sir! well, Sir, that is Satisfaction enough from a Gentleman: But seriously now, if you pass any more of your Jest upon me, I shall grow angry.

Wild. I humbly beg your Permission to break one or two more. [*Strikes him.*]

Smug.

Smug. O Lord. Sir, you'll break my Bones : Are you mad, Sir ? Murder, Felony, Manslaughter.

[*Wild. knocks him down.*

Wild. Sir, I beg you ten thousand Pardons ; but I am absolutely compell'd to't, upon my Honour ; Sir, nothing can be more averse to my Inclinations, than to jest with my honest, dear, loving, obliging Friend, the Alderman.

[*Striking him all this while, Smuggler tumbles over and over, and shakes out his Pocket-Book on the Floor ; Lurewell enters, takes it up.*]

Lure. The old Rogue's Pocket-Book ; this may be of use. [*Aside.*] O Lord, Sir *Harry's* murdering the poor old Man. —

Smug. O dear, Madam, I was beaten in jest, 'till I am murder'd in good earnest.

Lure. Well, well, I'll bring you off, *Senior—Frapez, Frapez.*

Smug. O ! For Charity's sake, Madam, rescue a poor Citizen.

Lure. O you barbarous Man ! Hold ! hold ! *Frapez, plus rudement,*

Frapez. I wonder you are not asham'd, [*Holding Wild.* A poor reverend honest Elder — [*Helps Smug up.* It makes me weep to see him in this Condition, poor Man !

Now the Devil take you, Sir *Harry* — For not beating him harder : Well, my Dear, you shall come at Night, and I'll make you amends.

[*Here Sir Harry takes Snuff.*

Smug. Madam, I will have amends before I leave the Place.

Sir, How durst you use me thus ?

Wild. Sir ?

Smug. Sir, I say that I will have Satisfaction.

Wild. With all my Heart.

[*Throws Snuff into his Eyes.*

Smug. O ! Murder, Blindness, Fire ; O Madam, Madam, get me some Water, Water, Fire, Fire, Water.

[*Exit with Lurewell.*

Wild.

Wild. How pleasant is resenting an Injury without
Passion ? 'Tis the Beauty of Revenge.

*Let Statesmen plot, and under Business groan,
And settling publick Quiet lose their own ;
Let Soldiers drudge and fight for Pay, or Fame,
For when they're shot, I think 'tis much the same.
Let Scholars vex their Brains with Mood and Tense,
And mad with Strength of Reason, Fools commence, }
Losing their Wits in searching after Sense ;
Their Summum Bonum they must toil to gain,
And seeking Pleasure, spend their Life in Pain :
I make the most of Life, no Hour mispend,
Pleasure's the Mean, and Pleasure is my End.
No Spleen, no Trouble shall my time destroy,
Life's but a Span, I'll every Inch enjoy.* (Exit.

The End of the Second A C T.

A C T III.

SCENE, *The Street.*

Enter Standard and Vizard.

Stand. I Bring him Word where she lodg'd ! I the ci-
vilest Rival in the World ! 'Tis impossible.

Viz. I shall urge it no farther, Sir.

I only thought, Sir, that my Character in the World
might add Authority to my Words without so many
Repetitions.

Stand. Pardon me, dear *Vizard*.

Our Belief struggles hard before it can be brought
to yield to the Disadvantage of what we love ;
'Tis so great an Abuse to our Judgment, that it makes
the

the Faults of our Choice our own Failing.
But what said Sir Harry?

Viz. He pitied the poor credulous Collonel, laugh'd heartily,
Flew away with all the Raptures of a Bridegroom,
repeating these Lines.

*A Mistress ne'er can pall her Lover's Joys,
Whose Wit can whet whene'er her Beauty cloy.*

Stand. *A Mistress ne'er can pall!* By all my Wrongs he Whores her! And I'm made their Property. Vengeance! *Vizard*, you must carry a Note for me to Sir Harry.

Viz. What! a Challenge! I hope you don't design to fight?

Stand. What! Wear the Livery of my King, and pocket an Affront! 'Twere an Abuse to his Sacred Majesty; a Soldier's Sword, *Vizard*, should start of it self to redress it's Master's Wrong.

Viz. However, Sir, I think it not proper for me to carry any such Message between Friends.

Stand. I have ne'er a Servant here, what shall I do?

Viz. There's *Tom Errand*, the Porter, that plies at the *Blue-Posts*, one who knows Sir Harry, and his Haunts very well; you may send a Note by him.

Stand. Here, you, Friend.

Viz. I have now some Business, and must take my Leave, I wou'd advise you nevertheless against this Affair.

Stand. No whispering now, nor telling of Friends to prevent us. He that disappoints a Man of an honourable Revenge, may love him foolishly like a Wife, but never value him as a Friend.

Viz. Nay the Devil take him that parts you! say I.

Enter Porter running.

Err. Did your Honour call a Porter?

Stand.

Stand. Is your Name *Tom Errand*?

Err. People call me so, an't like your Worship—

Stand. D'ye know Sir *Harry Wildair*?

Err. Ay, very well Sir, he's one of my best Masters; many a round half Crown have I had of his Worship, he's newly come home from *France*, Sir.

Stand. Go to the next Coffe-house, and wait for me. O Woman, Woman, how blest is Man, when favour'd by your Smiles, and how accurs'd when all those Smiles are found but wanton Baits to sooth us to Destruction.

*Thus our chief Joys with base Allays are curst,
And our best things, when once corrupted, worst.*
[Exit.]

Enter Wildair and Clincher senior following.

Clinch. sen. Sir, Sir, Sir, having some Business of Importance to communicate to you, I wou'd beg your Attention to a trifling Affair that I wou'd impart to your Understanding.

Wild. What is your trifling Business of Importance, pray sweet Sir?

Clinch. sen. Pray Sir, are the Roads deep between this and *Paris*.

Wild. Why that Question, Sir?

Clinch. sen. Because I design to go to the *Jubilee*, Sir; I understand that you are a Traveller, Sir; there is an Air of Travel in the tie of your Cravat, Sir; there is indeed, Sir — I suppose, Sir, you bought this Lace in *Flanders*.

Wild. No, Sir, this Lace was made in *Norway*.

Clinch. sen. *Norway*, Sir!

Wild. Yes, Sir, of the Shavings of Deal-boards.

Clinch. sen. That's very strange now, faith — Lace made of the Shavings of Deal-boards! I Gad, Sir, you Travellers see very strange things abroad, very incredible things abroad, indeed. Well, I'll have a Cravat of the very same Lace before I come home.

Wild.

Wild. But, Sir, what Preparations have you made for your Journey?

Clinch. sen. A Case of Pocket-pistols for the Bravo's——and a swimming Girdle.

Wild. Why these, Sir?

Clinch. sen. O Lord! Sir, I'll tell you——suppose us in *Rome* now; away goes me I to some Ball——for I'll be a mighty Beau. Then, as I said, I go to some Ball, or some Bear-baiting, 'tis all one you know——then comes a fine *Italian Bona Koba*, and plucks me by the Sleeve, *Seignior Angle*, *Seignior Angle*——she's a very fine Lady, observe that——*Seignior Angle*, says she,——*Seigniora*, says I, and trips after her to the Corner of a Street, suppose it *Russel-street* here, or any other Street; then you know, I must invite her to the Tavern, I can do no less.—There up comes her Bravo; the *Italian* grows saucy, and I give him an *English* Douse of the Face. I can box, Sir, box tightly; I was a 'Prentice, Sir,—but then, Sir, he whips out his *Stiletto*, and I whips out my *Bull Dog*—slaps him through, trips down Stairs, turns the Corner of *Russel-street* again, and whips me into the Ambassador's Train, and there I'm safe as a Beau behind the Scenes.

Wild. Is your Pistol charg'd, Sir?

Clinch. sen. Only a Brace of Bullets, that's all, Sir.

Wild. 'Tis a very Pistol, truly: pray let me see it.

Clinch. sen. With all my Heart, Sir.

Wild. Harky'e, Mr. *Jubilee*, can you digest a Brace of Bullets?

Clinch. sen. O by no means in the World, Sir!

Wild. I'll try the strength of your Stomach, however. Sir, you're a dead Man.

[Presenting the Pistol to his Breast.

Clinch. sen. Consider dear Sir! I am going to the *Jubilee*, when I come home agen, I am a Dead Man at your Service.

Wild. O very well Sir! but take heed you are not so Cholerick for the future.

Clinch. Cholerick, Sir! Oons! I design to shoot seven *Italians* a Week, Sir?

Wild.

Wild. Sir, you won't have Provocation.

Clinch. sen. Provocation, Sir! Zauns, Sir, I'll kill any Man for treading upon my Corn, and there will be a devilish Throng of People there; they say that all the Princes in *Italy* will be there.

Wild. And all the Fops and Fidlers in *Europe*—— but the use of your swimming Girdle, pray Sir?

Clinch. sen. O Lord, Sir! That's easie. Suppose the Ship cast away; now, whilst other foolish People are busie at their Prayers, I whip on my swimming Girdle, clap a Month's Provision into my Pocket and sails me away like an Egg in a Duck's Belly.— And heark'e Sir, I have a new Project in my Head. Where d'ye think my swimming Girdle shall carry me upon this Occasion? 'Tis a new Project.

Wild. Where, Sir?

Clin. sen. To *Civita Vecchia*, Faith and Troth, and so save the Charges of my Passage. Well, Sir, you must pardon me now, I'm going to see my Mistress. [Exit.

Wild. This Fellow's an accomplish'd Ass before he goes abroad. Well! This *Angelica* has got into my Heart, and I can't get her out of my Head. I must pay her t'other Visit. [Exit.

SCENE, *Lady Darling's House.*

Angelica sola.

Angel. Unhappy State of Woman! whose chief Virtue is but Ceremony, and our much boasted Modesty but a slavish Restraint. The strict Confinement on our Words, makes our Thoughts ramble more; and what preserves our outward Fame, destroys our inward Quiet.—'Tis hard that Love shou'd be deny'd the Privilege of Hatred; that Scandal and Detraction should be so much indulg'd, yet sacred Love and Truth debar'd our Conversation.

Enter Darling, Clincher jun. and Dicky.

Darl. This is my Daughter, Cousin.

Dick.

Dick. Now, Sir, remember your three Scrapes.

Clin. *saluting Angelica.*] One, two, three, Your humble Servant. Was not that right, *Dicky*?

Lick. Ay, faith Sir, but why don't you speak to her?

Clin. jun. I beg your Pardon, *Dicky*, I know my Distance. Would you have me speak to a Lady at the first sight?

Dick. Ay, Sir, by all means, the first Aim is the surest.

Clin. jun. Now for a good Jest, to make her laugh heartily.—By *Jupiter Ammon* I'll go give her a Kiss.

[Goes towards her]

Enter Wildair, interposing.

Wild. 'Tis all to no purpose, I told you so before: your pitiful five Guineas will never do—you may go, I'll out-bid you.

Clin. jun. What the Devil! The Mad-man's here again.

Darl. Bless me, Cousin! What d'ye mean? Afraid of a Gentleman of his Quality in my House!

Clin. jun. Quality——Why, Madam, I don't know what you mean by your Madmen, and your Beaux, and your Quality.——They're all alike I believe.

Darl. Pray, Sir, walk with me into the next Room.

[Exit Darl. leading Clin. Dicky follows.]

Angel. Sir, if your Conversation be no more agreeable than 'twas the last time, I would advise you to make your Visit as short as you can.

Wild. The Offences of my last Visit, Madam, bore their Punishment in the Commission; and have made me as uneasie till I receive Pardon, as your Ladyship can be till I sue for it.

Angel. Sir Harry, I did not well understand the Offence, and must therefore proportion it to the Greatness of your Apology! if you would therefore have me think it light, take no great pains in an Excuse.

Wild. How sweet must the Lips be that guard that Tongue! Then, Madam, no more of past Offences, let us prepare for Joys to come; let this seal my Pardon. *[Kisses her Hand.]* And this *[Again.]* initiate me to farther Happiness.

Angel.

Angel. Hold, Sir,——one Question, Sir *Harry*, and pray answer plainly, D'ye love me?

Wild. Love you! Does Fire ascend? Do Hypocrites dissemble? Usurers love Gold, or great Men Flattery? Doubt these, then question that I love.

Angel. This shews your Gallantry, Sir, but not your Love.

Wild. View your own Charms, Madam, then judge my Passion; your Beauty ravishes my Eye, your Voice my Ear, and your Touch has thrill'd my melting Soul.

Angel. If your Words be real, 'tis in your Pow'r to raise an equal Flame in me.

Wild. Nay, then——I seize——

Angel. Hold, Sir, 'tis also possible to make me detest and scorn you worse than the most profligate of your deceiving Sex.

Wild. Ha! A very odd turn this. I hope, Madam, you only affect Anger, because you know your Frowns are becoming.

Angel. Sir *Harry*, you being the best Judge of your own Designs, can best understand whether my Anger shou'd be real or dissembled; think what strict Modesty shou'd bear, then judge of my Resentments.

Wild. Strict Modesty shou'd bear! Why faith, Madam, I believe the strictest Modesty may bear fifty Guineas, and I don't believe 'twill bear one Farthing more.

Angel. What d'ye mean, Sir?

Wild. Nay, Madam, what do you mean? if you go to that. I think now fifty Guineas is a very fine Offer for your strict Modesty, as you call it.

Angel. 'Tis more charitable, Sir *Harry*, to charge the Impertinence of a Man of your Figure on his Defect in Understanding, than on his want of Manners——I'm afraid you're mad, Sir.

Wild. Why, Madam, you're enough to make any Man mad. 'Sdeath, are you not a——

Angel. What, Sir?

Wild. Why, a Lady of——strict Modesty, if you will have it so.

Angel.

Angel. I shall never hereafter trust common Report which represented you, Sir, a Man of Honour, Wit and Breeding; for I find you very deficient in them all three. [Exit.]

Wild. solus. Now I find that the strict Pretences which the Ladies of Pleasure make to strict Modesty, is the reason why those of Quality are ashamed to wear it.

Enter Vizard.

Viz. Ah! Sir *Harry*, have I caught you? Well, and what Success?

Wild. Success! 'Tis a Shame for you young Fellow in Town here, to let the Wenches grow so saucy: offer'd her fifty Guineas, and she was in her Airs presently, and flew away in a Huff. I cou'd have had a Brace of Countesses in *Paris* for half the Money, and *Je vous remercie* into the Bargain.

Viz. Gone in her Airs, say you? And did not you follow her?

Wild. Whither should I follow her?

Viz. Into her Bed-chamber, Man; she went on purpose. You a Man of Gallantry, and not understand that a Lady's best pleas'd when she puts on her Airs, as you call it!

Wild. She talk'd to me of strict Modesty, and Stuff.

Viz. Certainly. Most Women magnifie their Modesty, for the same Reason that Cowards boast their Courage, because they have least on't. Come, come, Sir *Harry*, when you make your next Assault, encourage your Spirits with brisk *Burgundy*; if you succeed, 'tis well; if not, you have a fair Excuse for your Rudeness. I'll go in, and make your Peace for what's past. Oh! I had almost forgot—Coll. *Standard* wants to speak with you about some Business.

Wild. I'll wait upon him presently; d'ye know where he may be found?

Viz. In the Piazza of *Covent-Garden*, about an Hour hence, I promis'd to see him; and there you may meet him, to have your Throat cut. [Aside.]
I'll go in and intercede for you.

Wild. But no foul Play with the Lady, *Vizard*. [Exit. Viz.]

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Viz. No fair Play, I can assure you.

[*Exit.*

SCENE, *The Street before Lurewell's Lodgings;*
Clincher sen. and Lurewell coqueting in the Balcony.

Enter Standard.

Stand. How weak is Reason in Disputes of Love? That daring Reason which so oft pretends to question works of high Omnipotence, yet poorly truckles to our weakest Passions, and yields implicate Faith to foolish Love, paying blind Zeal to faithless Womens Eyes. I've heard her Falshood with such pressing Proofs, that I no longer shou'd distrust it. Yet still my Love wou'd baffle Demonstration, and make Impossibilities seem probable. [*Looks up.*] Ha! That Fool too! What, stoop so low as that Animal! — 'Tis true, Women once fall'n, like Cowards in Despair, will stick at nothing; there's no Medium in their Actions. They must be bright as Angels, or black as Fiends. But now for my Revenge, I'll kick her Cully before her Face, call her Whore, curse the whole Sex, and so leave her. [*Goes in.*

Lurewell comes down with Clincher. The Scene changes to a Dining-Room.

Lure. O Lord, Sir, 'tis my Husband! What will become of you?

Clin. Ah! Your Husband! Oh, I shall be murder'd: What shall I do! Where shall I run! I'll creep into an Oven; I'll climb up the Chimney; I'll fly; I'll swim; — I wish to the Lord I were at the Jubilee now. —

Lure. Can't you think of any thing, Sir?

Clin. Think! not I, I never cou'd think to any Purpose in my Life.

Enter Tom Errand.

Lure. What do you want, Sir?

Err. Madam, I am looking for Sir Harry Wil'air; I saw him come in here this Morning; and did imagine he might be here still if he is not gone.

G

Lure.

Lure. A Lucky Hit! Here, Friend, change Cloaths with this Gentleman, quickly, strip.

Clin. Ay, ay, quickly, strip: I'll give you half a Crown to boot. Come, here: So. [*They change Cloaths.*]

Lure. Now slip you [*To Clinch.*] down-stairs, and wait at the Door till my Husband be gone; and get you in there [*To the Porter.*] till I call you.

[*Puts Errand into the next Room.*]

Enter Standard.

Oh, Sir! Are you come? I wonder, Sir, how you have the Confidence to approach me after so base a Trick?

Stand. O Madam, all your Artifices won't avail.

Lure. Nay, Sir, your Artifices won't avail. I thought, Sir, that I gave you Caution enough against troubling me with Sir *Harry Wildair's* Company when I sent his Letters back by you; yet you forsooth, must tell him where I lodg'd, and expose me again to his impertinent Courtship!

Stand. I expose you to his Courtship!

Lure. I'll lay my Life you'll deny it now: Come, come, Sir; a pitiful Lie is as scandalous to a Red Coat as an Oath to a Black. Did not Sir *Harry* himself tell me, that he found out by you where I lodg'd?

Stand. You're all Lies: First, your Heart is false, your Eyes are double; One Look belies another: And then your Tongue does contradict them all.—Madam, I see a little Devil just now hammering out a Lie in your *Pericranium*.

Lure. As I hope for Mercy, he's in the right on't. [*Aside*] Hold, Sir, you have got the Play-house Cant upon your Tongue; and think, that Wit may privilege your Railing: But I must tell you, Sir, that what is Satyr upon the Stage, is ill Manners here.

Stand. What is feign'd upon the Stage, is here in Reality real Falshood. Yes, yes, Madam,—I expos'd you to the Courtship of your Fool *Clincher*, too; I hope

hope your Female Wiles will impose that upon me
— also —

Lure. Clincher! Nay, now you're stark mad. I know no such Person,

Stand. O Woman in Perfection! not know him! 'Slife, Madam, can my Eyes, my piercing jealous Eyes, be so deluded? Nay, Madam, my Nose could not mistake him; for I smelt the Fop by his *Pulvilio* from the Balcony down to the Street.

Lure. The Balcony! Ha, ha, ha, the Balcony; I'll be hang'd but he has mistaken Sir *Harry Wildair's* Footman with a new *French* Livery, for a Beau.

Stand. 'Sdeath, Madam, what is there in me that looks like a Cully! Did not I see him?

Lure. No, no, you could not see him; you're dreaming, Collonel. Will you believe your Eyes, now that I have rub'd them open? — Here, you Friend.

Enter Errand in Clincher's Cloaths.

Stand. This is Illusion all; my Eyes conspire against themselves. 'Tis Legerdemain.

Lure. Legerdemain! Is that all your Acknowledgment for your rude Behaviour? — Oh, what a Curse is it to love as I do! — But don't presume too far, Sir, on my Affection: For such ungenerous Usage will soon return my tir'd Heart. — Be gone, Sir, [*To the Porter.*] to your impertinent Master, and tell him I shall never be at Leisure to receive any of his troublesome Visits; — Send to me to know when I should be at home! — Be gone, Sir: — I am sure he has made me an unfortunate Woman. [*Weeps.*]

Stand. Nay, then there is no certainty in Nature; and Truth is only Falshood well disguis'd.

Lure. Sir, had not I own'd my fond foolish Passion, I shou'd not have been subject to such unjust Suspicions: But 'tis an ungrateful Return. [*Weeping.*]

Stand. Now, where are all my firm Resolves? I will believe her just. My Passion rais'd my Jealousie; then why mayn't Love be as blind in finding Faults, as in

excusing them?—— I hope, Madam, you'll pardon me, since Jealousie that magnify'd my Suspicion, is as much the Effect of Love, as my Easiness in being satisfy'd.

Lure. Easiness in being satisfy'd! You Men have got an insolent way of extorting Pardon, by persisting in your Faults. No, no, Sir, cherish your Suspicions, and feed upon your Jealousie: 'Tis fit Meat for your squeamish Stomach.

*With me all Women shou'd this Rule pursue:
Who think us false, shou'd never find us true.*

[Exit in a Rage.]

Enter Clincher in the Porter's Cloaths.

Clin. Well, Intriguing is the prettiest, pleasantest thing, for a Man of my Parts:—How shall we laugh at the Husband, when he is gone?——How silly he looks! He's in labour of Horns already.——To make a Collonel a Cuckold! 'Twill be rare News for the Alderman.

Stand. All this Sir *Harry* has occasion'd; but he's brave, and will afford me a just Revenge:—O! this is the Porter I sent the Challenge by:—Well, Sir, have you found him?

Clin. What the Devil does he mean now?

Stand. Have you given Sir *Harry* the Note, Fellow?

Clin. The Note! What Note?

Stand. The Letter, Blockhead, which I sent by you to Sir *Harry Wildair*; have you seen him?

Clin. O Lord, what shall I say now? Seen him? Yes, Sir——No, Sir.——I have, Sir.——I have not, Sir.

Stand. The Fellow's mad, Answer me directly, Sirrah, or I'll break your Head.

Clin. I know Sir *Harry* very well, Sir; but as to the Note, Sir, I can't remember a word on't: Truth is, I have a very bad Memory.

Stand.

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Stand. O Sir, I'll quicken your Memory.

Clin. Zauns, Sir, hold! ——— I did give him the

Note.

Stand. And what Answer?

Clin. I mean I did not give him the Note.

Stand. What, d'ye banter, Rascal?

[*Strikes him again.*]

Clin. Hold, Sir, hold! He did send an Answer.

Stand. What was't, Villain?

Clin. Why, truly Sir, I have forgot it: I told you that I had a very treacherous Memory.

Stand. I'll engage you shall remember me this Month, Rascal.

[*Beats him off, and Exit.*]

Enter Lurewell and Parly.

Lure. Fortboon, fortboon, fortboon: This it better than I expected; but Fortune still helps the Industrious.

Enter Clincher.

Clin. Ah! The Devil take all Intriguing, say I, and him who first invented Canes. ——— That curs'd Collonel has got such a knack of beating his Men, that he has left the Mark of a Collar of Bandileers about my Shoulders.

Lure. O my poor Gentleman! And was it beaten?

Clin. Yes, I have been beaten; But where's my Cloaths? my Cloaths?

Lure. What, you won't leave me so soon, my Dear, will ye?

Clin. Will ye! If ever I peep into a Collonel's Tent agen, may I be forc'd to run the Gauntlet. ——— But my Cloaths, Madam.

Lure. I sent the Porter down Stairs with them: Did not you meet him?

Clin. Meet him! No, not I.

Par. No! He went out of the Back-door, and is run clear away, I'm afraid.

Clin. Gone, say you! and with my Cloaths! my fine *Jubilee* Cloaths! ——— O, the Rogue, the Thief! ——— I'll have him hang'd for Murder. ——— But how shall I get home in this Pickle?

Par. I'm afraid, Sir, the Collonel will be back presently, for he dines at home.

Clin. O, then I must sneak off!
Was ever such an Unfortunate Beau?

To have his Coat well thrash'd, and lose his Coat also. [Exit.]

Lure. Thus the Noble Poet spoke Truth:

*Nothing suits worse with Vice than want of Sense:
Fools are still wicked at their own Expence*

Par. Methinks, Madam, the Injuries you have suffer'd by Men, must be very great, to raise such heavy Resentments against the whole Sex.

Lure. The greatest Injury that Woman cou'd sustain; they robb'd me of that Jewel, which preserv'd, exalts our Sex almost to Angels; but destroy'd, debases us below the worst of Brutes, Mankind.

Par. But I think, Madam, your Anger shou'd be only confin'd to the Author of your Wrongs.

Lure. The Author! Alas, I know him not, which makes my Wrongs the greater.

Par. Not know him! 'Tis odd, Madam, that a Man should rob you of that same Jewel you mentioned, and you not know him.

Lure. Leave trifling; ——— 'tis a Subject that always sours my Temper: But since, by thy faithful Service, I have some reason to confide in your Secrecy, hear the strange Relation. ——— Some twelve Years ago, I liv'd at my Father's House in *Oxfordshire*, blest with Innocence, the ornamental, but weak Guard of blooming Beauty: I was then just Fifteen, an Age fatal to the Female Sex: Our Youth is tempting, our Innocence credulous, Romances moving, Love powerful, and Men are—Villains. Then it happened, that three young Gentlemen from the University coming
into

into the Country, and being benighted, and Strangers, call'd at my Father's: He was very glad of their Company, and offer'd them the Entertainment of his House.

Par. Which they accepted, no doubt: Oh! these strolling Collegians are never abroad, but upon some Mischief.

Lure. They had some private Frolick or Design in their Heads, as appear'd by their not naming one another, which my Father perceiving, out of Civility, made no enquiry into their Affairs; two of them had a heavy, pedantick, University Air, a sort of a disagreeable Scholastick Boorishness in their Behaviour, but the third!

Par. Ah! the third, Madam; ——— the third of all things, thy say, is very Critical.

Lure. He was ——— but in short, Nature cut him out for my undoing; he seem'd to be about Eighteen.

Par. A fit Match for your Fifteen as cou'd be.

Lure. He had a genteel Sweetness in his Face, a graceful Comeliness in his Person, and his Tongue was fit to sooth soft Innocence to ruine. His very Looks were witty, and his expressive Eyes spoke softer, prettier things, than Words cou'd frame.

Par. There will be Mischief by and by; I never heard a Woman talk so much of Eyes, but there were Tears presently after.

Lure. His Discourse was directed to my Father, but his Looks to me. After Supper I went to my Chamber, and read *Cassandra*, then went to Bed, and dreamt of him all Night, rose in the Morning and made Verses, so fell desperately in Love. ——— My Father was so well pleas'd with his Conversation, that he begg'd their Company next Day; they consented, and next Night, *Parly* ———

Par. Ah, next Night, Madam, ——— next Night (I'm afraid) was a Night indeed.

Lure. He brib'd my Maid, with his Gold, out of her Honesty; and me, with his Rhetorick, out of my Honour.

Honour.—She admitted him to my Chamber, and there he vow'd, and swore, and wept, and sigh'd—and conquer'd.

Par. Alack-a-day, poor Fifteen !

[Weeps,
[Weeps.

Lure. He swore that he wou'd come down from Oxford in a Fortnight, and marry me.

Par. The old Bait ! the old Bait !—I was cheated just so my self. [*Aside.*] But had not you the Wit to know his Name all this while ?

Lure. Alas ! what Wit had Innocence like mine ? He told me, that he was under an Obligation to his Companions of concealing himself then, but that he wou'd write to me in two Days, and let me know his Name, and Quality. After all the binding Oaths of Constancy, joining Hands, exchanging Hearts, I gave him a Ring with this Motto, *Love and Honour*, then we parted, but I never saw the dear Deceiver more.

Par. No, nor never will, I warrant you.

Lure. I need not tell my Griefs, which my Father's Death made a fair pretence for ; he left me sole Heiress and Executrix to three thousand Pounds a Year : At last, my Love for this single Dissembler turn'd to a Hatred of the whole Sex ; and resolving to divert my Melancholy, and make my large Fortune subservient to my Pleasure and Revenge, I went to travel, where, in most Courts of *Europe*, I have done some Execution. Here I will play my last Scene ; then retire to my Country House, live solitary, and die a Penitent.

Par. But don't you still love this dear Dissembler ?

Lure. Most certainly : 'Tis Love of him that keeps my Anger warm, representing the Baseness of Mankind full in view ; and makes my Resentments work.—We shall have that old impotent Lecher, *Smuggler*, here to Night ; I have a Plot to swinge him, and his precise Nephew, *Vizard*.

Par. I think, Madam, you manage every body that comes in your way.

Lure.

The Constant Couple.

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Lure. No, *Parly*, those Men, whose Pretensions I found just and honourable, I fairly dismiss'd, by letting them know my firm Resolutions never to marry. But those Villains that wou'd attempt my Honour, I've seldom fail'd to manage.

Par. What d'ye think of the Collonel, *Madam* ? I suppose his Designs are honourable.

Lure. That Man's a Riddle ; there's something of Honour in his Temper that pleases ; I'm sure he loves me too, because he's soon jealous, and soon satisfy'd. But he's a Man still. — When I once try'd his Pulse about Marriage, his Blood ran as low as a Coward's. He swore indeed, that he lov'd me, but cou'd not marry me, forsooth, because he was engag'd elsewhere. So poor a Pretence made me disdain his Passion, which otherwise might have been uneasie to me. — But hang him, I have teiz'd him enough — Besides, *Parly*, I begin to be tir'd of my Revenge ; — But this Buss and Guinea I must maul once more. I'll hansel his Woman's Cloaths for him. Go, get me Pen and Ink ; I must write to *Vizard* too.

*Fortune, this once assist me as before ;
Two such Machines can never work in vain,
As thy propitious Wheel, and my projecting Brain.*

The End of the Third ACT.

ACT IV.

SCENE, Covent-Garden.

Wildair and Standard meeting.

Stand. I Thought, Sir *Harry*, to have met you e'er this in a more convenient Place ; but since my Wrongs were without Ceremony, my Revenge shall be so too. Draw, Sir.

Wild. Draw, Sir, What shall I draw ?

G 5

Stand.

Stand. Come, come, Sir, I like your facetious Humour well enough ; it shews Courage and Unconcern. I know you brave ; and therefore use you thus. Draw your Sword.

Wild. Nay, to oblige you, I will draw ; but the Devil take me if I fight.—Perhaps, Collonel, this is the prettiest Blade you have seen.

Stand. I doubt not but the Arm is good ; and therefore think both worth my Resentment. Come, Sir.

Wild. But, prithee Collonel, dost think that I am such a Madman, as to send my Soul to the Devil, and my Body to the Worms *upon every Fool's Errand?* [*Aside.*]

Stand. I hope you're no Coward, Sir.

Wild. Coward, Sir! I have eight thousand Pounds a Year, Sir.

Stand. You fought in *Flanders*, to my knowledge.

Wild. Ay, for the same Reason that I wore a red Coat ; because 'twas fashionable.

Stand. Sir, you fought a *French Count* in *Paris*.

Wild. True, Sir ; but there was no danger of Lands, nor Tenements ; besides, he was a Beau, like my self. Now you're a Soldier, Collonel, and Fighting's your Trade ; and I think it downright Madness to contend with any Man in his Profession.

Stand. Come, Sir, no more dallying : I shall take very unseemly Methods, if you don't shew your self a Gentleman.

Wild. A Gentleman ! Why there agen now ? A Gentleman ; I tell you once more, Collonel, that I am a Baronet, and have eight thousand Pounds a Year. I can dance, sing, ride, fence, understand the Languages. Now, I can't conceive how running you through the Body shou'd contribute one jot more to my Gentility. But, pray, Collonel, I had forgot to ask you : What's the Quarrel ?

Stand. A Woman, Sir.

Wild. Then I put up my Sword. Take her.

Stand. Sir, My Honour's concern'd.

Wild. Nay, if your Honour be concern'd with a Woman, get it out of her Hands as soon as you can.

As

An honourable Lover is the greatest Slave in Nature; some will say, the greatest Fool. Come, come, Colonel, this is something about the Lady *Lurewell*, I warrant; I can give you Satisfaction in that Affair.

Stand. Do so then immediately!

Wild. Put up your Sword first; you know I dare fight: But I had much rather make you a Friend than an Enemy. I can assure you, this Lady will prove too hard for one of your Temper. You have too much Honour, too much in Conscience, to be a Favourite with the Ladies.

Stand. I am assur'd, Sir, she never gave you any Encouragement.——

Wild. A Man can never hear Reason with a Sword in his Hand. Sheath your Weapon; and then if I don't satisfy you, sheath it in my Body.

Stand. Give me but Demonstration of her granting you any Favour, and 'tis enough.

Wild. Will you take my Word?

Stand. Pardon me, Sir, I cannot.

Wild. Will you believe your own Eyes?

Stand. 'Tis ten to one whether I shall or no, they have deceiv'd me already.

Wild. That's hard——But some means I shall devise for your Satisfaction——We must fly this Place, else that cluster of Mob will overwhelm us. [*Exeunt.*]

Enter Mob, Tom Errand's Wife hurrying in Clincher senior, in Errand's Cloaths.

Wife. O, the Villain, the Rogue, he has murder'd my Husband: Ah! my poor *Timothy*! [*Crying.*]

Clin Dem your *Timothy*!—your Husband has murder'd me, Woman; for he has carry'd away my fine *Jubilee* Cloaths.

Wife. Ay, you Cut-Throat, have you not got his Cloaths upon your Back there?—Neighbours don't you know poor *Timothy's* Coat and Apron?

Mob. Ay, ay, 'tis the same.

First Mob. What shall we do with him, Neighbours?

Second Mob. We'll pull him in pieces.

First Mob. No, no ; then we may be hang'd for Murder : but we'll drown him.

Clin. Ah, good People, pray don't drown me ; for I never learnt to swim in all my Life. Ah, this plaguy intriguing !

Mob. Away with him, away with him to the Thames.

Clin. Oh, if I had but my *Swimming Girdle*, now.

Enter Constable.

Const. Hold, Neighbours, I command the Peace.

Wife. O, Mr. Constable, here's a Rogue that has murder'd my Husband, and robb'd him of his Cloaths.

Const. Murder and Robbery ! then he must be a Gentleman. Hands off there ; he must not be abus'd.—Give an Account of your self. Are you a Gentleman ?

Clin. No, Sir, I am a Beau.

Const. A Beau ! Then you have kill'd no body, I'm persuaded. How came you by these Cloaths, Sir ?

Const. You must know, Sir, that walking along, Sir, I don't know how, Sir ; I can't tell where, Sir ; and—so the Porter and I chang'd Cloaths, Sir.

Const. Very well ! the Man speaks Reason, and like a Gentleman.

Wife. But pray, Mr. Constable, ask him how he chang'd Cloaths with him.

Const. Silence, Woman ! and don't disturb the Court.—Well, Sir, how did you change Cloaths ?

Clin. Why, Sir, he pull'd off my Coat, and I drew off his : So I put on his Coat, and he put on mine.

Const. Why Neighbour, I don't find that he's guilty : Search him ! and if he carries no Arms about him, we'll let him go.

[*They search his Pockets, and pull out his Pistols:*

Clin. O Gemini ! My *Jubilee* Pistols !

Const. What, a Case of Pistols ! Then the Case is plain. Speak, what are you, Sir ? Whence came you, and whither go you ?

Clin. Sir, I came from *Russel-street*, and am going to the *Jubilee*.

Wife. You shall go to the Gallows, you Rogue.

Const.

Const. Away with him, away with him to Newgate, straight.

Clin. I shall go to the *Jubilee* now, indeed. [*Exeunt.*]

Re-enter Wildair and Standard.

Wild. In short, Collonel, 'tis all Nonsense: Fight for a Woman! Hard by is the Lady's House, if you please, we'll wait on her together: You shall draw your Sword, I'll draw my Snuff-Box. You shall produce your Wounds receiv'd in War: I'll relate mine by *Cupid's Dart*:—You shall look big; I'll ogle; —You shall swear; I'll sigh, —You shall *sa*, *sa*, and I'll *Coupee*; and if she flies not to my Arms like a Hawk to its Perch, my Dancing-Master deserves to be damn'd.

Stand. With the generality of Women, I grant you, these Arts may prevail.

Wild. Generality of Women! Why there agen, you're out. They're all alike, Sir; I never heard of any one that was particular, but one.

Stand. Who was she, pray?

Wild. *Penelope*, I think she's call'd, and that's a Poetical Story too. When will you find a Poet in our Age make a Woman so chaste?

Stand. Well, Sir *Harry*, your facetious Humour can disguise Falshood, and make Calumny pass for Satyr; but you have promis'd me ocular Demonstration that she favours you: Make that good, and I shall then maintain Faith and Female to be as inconsistent as Truth and Falshood.

Wild. Nay, by what you told me, I am satisfied that she imposes on us all: and *Vizard* too seems what I still suspected him: But his Honesty once mistrusted, spoils his Knavery:—But will you be convinc'd, if our Plot succeeds?

Stand. I rely on your Word and Honour, Sir *Harry*; which if I doubted, my Distrust wou'd cancel the Obligation of their Security.

Wild. Then meet me half an Hour hence at the *Summer*: You must oblige me by taking a hearty
Glas

Glas with me toward the fitting me out for a certain Project, which this Night I undertake.

Stand. I guess by the Preparation, that Woman's the Design.

Wild. Yes, faith. ——— I am taken dangerous ill with two foolish Maladies, Modesty and Love; the first I'll cure with *Burgundy*, and my Love by a Night's Lodging with the Damsel. A sure Remedy. *Probatum est.*

Stand. I'll certainly meet you, Sir.

[*Exeunt severally.*]

Enter Clincher junior and Dicky.

Clin. Ah! *Dicky*, this *London* is a sad Place, a sad vicious Place: I wish that I were in the Countrey agen: And this Brother of mine! I'm sorry he's so great a Rake: I had rather see him dead than see him thus.

Dick. Ay, Sir, He'll spend his whole Estate at this same Jubilee. Who, d'ye think, lives at this same Jubilee?

Clin. Who, pray?

Dick. The Pope.

Clin. The Devil he does! My Brother go to the Place where the Pope dwells! He's bewitch'd sure!

Enter Tom Errand in Clincher senior's Cloaths.

Dick. Indeed, I believe he is, for he's strangely alter'd.

Clin. Alter'd! Why he looks like a Jesuit already.

Err. This Lace will sell. What a Blockhead was the Fellow to trust me with his Coat! If I can get cross the Garden, down to the Water-side, I'm pretty secure. [*Aside.*]

Clin. Brother! ——— Alaw! O *Gemini*! Are you my Brother?

Dick. I seize you in the King's Name, Sir.

Err. O Lord! Shou'd this prove some Parliament Man now!

Clin. Speak, you Rogue, what are you?

Err. A poor Porter, Sir, and going of an Errand.

Dick. What Errand? Speak, you Rogue.

Err.

Err. A Fool's Errand, I'm afraid.

Clin. Who sent you ?

Err. A Beau, Sir.

Dick. No, no, the Rogue has murder'd your Brother, and stript him of his Cloaths.

Clin. Murder'd my Brother ! O *Crimini !* O my poor Jubilee Brother ! — Stay, by *Jupiter Ammon*, I'm Heir tho' : Speak, Sirrah, have you kill'd him ? Confess that you have kill'd him, and I'll give you Half a Crown.

Err. Who, I, Sir ? Alack-a-day, Sir, I never kill'd any Man, but a Carrier's Horse once.

Clin. Then you shall certainly be hang'd ; but confess that you kill'd him, and we'll let you go.

Err. Telling the Truth hangs a Man, but confessing a Lye can do no harm ; besides, if the worst come to the worst, I can but deny it agen — Well, Sir, since I must tell you, I did kill him.

Clin. Here's your Money, Sir, — But are you sure you kill'd him dead ?

Err. Sir, I'll swear it before any Judge in *England*.

Dick. But are you sure that he's *Dead in Law* ?

Err. Dead in Law ? I can't tell whether he be *Dead in Law*.

But he's as dead as a Door-Nail ; for I gave him seven knocks on the Head with a Hammer.

Dick. Then you have the Estate by Statute.

Any Man that's knock'd o'th' Head is *Dead in Law*.

Clin. But are you sure he was *Compos Mentis* when he was kill'd ?

Err. I suppose he was, Sir ; for he told me nothing to the contrary afterwards.

Clin. Hey ! Then I go to the *Jubilee* — Strip, Sir, strip.

By *Jupiter Ammon*, strip.

Dick. Ah ! Don't swear, Sir.

[*Puts on his Brother's Cloaths.*]

Clin. Swear, Sir, Zoons, han't I got the Estate, Sir ? Come, Sir, now I'm in Mourning for my Brother.

Err.

Err. I hope you'll let me go now, Sir.

Clin. Yes, yes, Sir; but you must do me the Favour to swear positively before a Magistrate, that you kill'd him dead, that I may enter upon the Estate without any Trouble. By *Jupiter Ammon*, all my Religion's gone, since I put on these fine Cloaths—Hey, call me a Coach some body.

Err. Ay, Master, let me go, and I'll call one immediately.

Clin. No, no; *Dicky*; carry this Spark before a Justice, and when he has made Oath, you may discharge him. And I'll go see *Angelica*.

[*Exeunt Dick and Errand.*]

Now that I'm an elder Brother, I'll court, and swear, and rant, and rake, and go to the *Jubilee* with the best of them. [Exit.]

SCENE, *Lurewell's House.*

Enter Lurewell and Parly.

Lure. Are you sure that *Vizard* had my Letter?

Par. Yes, yes, Madam; one of your Ladyship's Footmen gave it to him in the Park, and he told the Bearer, with all Transports of Joy, that he would be punctual to a Minute.

Lure. Thus most Villains some time or other, are punctual to their Ruine, and Hypocrisie, by imposing on the World, at last deceives it self. Are all things prepar'd for his Reception?

Par. Exactly to your Ladyship's Order; the Alderman too is just come, dress'd and cook'd up for Iniquity.

Lure. Then he has got Woman's Cloaths on.

Par. Yes, Madam, and has pass'd upon the Family for your Nurse.

Lure. Convey him into that Closet, and put out the Candles, and tell him, I'll wait on him presently.

As Parly goes to put out the Candles, some body knocks.

Lure.

Lure. This must be some Clown without Manners,
or a Gentleman above Ceremony. Who's there?
Wild. Sings.

*Thus Damon knock'd at Celia's Door,
He sigh'd, and begg'd, and wept, and swore,*

The Sign was so,

[knocks.]

She answer'd, No.

[knocks thrice]

No, no, no.

Again he sigh'd, again he pray'd,

No, Damon, no, I am afraid;

Consider, Damon, I'm a Maid.

Consider,

No,

I'm a Maid.

No, &c.

'At last his Sighs and Tears made way,

She rose, and softly turn'd the Key:

Come in, said she, but do not stay.

I may conclude

You will be rude,

But if you are, you may.

Enters.

[Exit Parly.]

Lure. 'Tis too early for Serenading, Sir Harry.

Wild. Wheresoever Love is, there Musick is proper, there's an harmonious consent in their Natures, and when rightly join'd, they make up the Chorus of Earthly Happiness.

Lure. But, Sir Harry, what Tempest drives you here at this Hour?

Wild. No Tempest, Madam, but as fair Weather as ever entic'd a Citizen's Wife to Cuckold her Husband in fresh Air. Love, Madam.

[Wild. taking her by the Hand.]

Lure. As pure and white as Angels soft Desires.

Wild. Fierce, as when ripe consenting Beauty fires.
Is't not so?

Lure.

Lure. O Villain! What Privilege has Men to our Destruction, that thus they hunt our Ruin? [*Aside.*] If this be a Love Token, [*Wild. drops a Ring, she takes it up.*] your Mistresses Favours hang very loose about you, Sir.

Wild. I can't justly, Madam, pay your Trouble of taking it up by any thing, but desiring you to wear it.

Lure. You Gentlemen have the cunningest ways of playing the Fool, and are so industrious in your Profuseness. Speak seriously, am I beholding to Chance or Design for this Ring?

Wild. To Design, upon my Honour. And I hope my Design will succeed. [*Aside.*]

Lure. And what shall I give you for such a fine thing?

Wild. You'll give me another, you'll give me another fine thing. [*Both sing.*]

Lure. Shall I be free with you, Sir Harry?

Wild. With all my Heart, Madam, so I may be free with you.

Lure. Then plainly, Sir, I shall beg the Favour to see you some other time; for at this very Minute I have two Lovers in the House.

Wild. Then to be as plain, I must be gone this Minute, for I must see another Mistress within these two Hours.

Lure. Frank and free.

Wild. As you with me ——— Madam, your most humble Servant. [*Exit.*]

Lure. Nothing can disturb his Humour. Now for my Merchant and Vizard.

[*Exit and takes the Candles with her.*]

Enter Parly, leading in Smuggler, dress'd in Woman's Cloaths.

Par. This way, Mr. Alderman.

Smug. Well, Mrs. Parly,—I'm oblig'd to you for this Trouble, here are a couple of Shillings for you. Times are hard, very hard, indeed, but next time

I'll

I'll steal a pair of Silk Stockings from my Wife, and bring them to you ——— What are you fumbling about my Pockets for ———

Par. Only setting the Pleats of your Gown; here, Sir, get into this Closet, and my Lady will wait on you presently.

[Puts him into the Closet, runs out, and returns with Vizard.]

Viz. Where would'st thou lead me, my dear audacious little Pilot.

Par. You're almost in Port, Sir, my Lady's in the Closet, and will come out to you immediately.

Viz. Let me thank thee as I ought. *[kisses her.]*

Par. 'Pshaw, who has hir'd me best? A couple of Shillings or a couple of Kisses.

Viz. Propitious Darkeness guides the Lovers Steps, and Night that shadows outward Sense, lights up our inward Joy. Night! The great awful Ruler of Mankind, which, like the *Persian* Monarch hides its Royalty to raise the Veneration of the World. Under thy easie Reign Dissemblers may speak Truth; all flawish Forms and Ceremonies laid aside, and generous Villany may act without Constraint.

Smug. *[Peeping out of the Closet.]* Bless me! What Voice is this?

Viz. Our hungry Appetites, like the wild Beasts of Prey, now scour about, to gorge their craving Maws; the Pleasure of Hypocrisie, like a chain'd Lyon, once broke loose, wildly indulges its new Freedom, ranging through all unbounded Joys.

Smug. My Nephew's Voice, and certainly possess'd with an Evil Spirit; he talks as prophanely, as an Actor possess'd with a Poet.

Viz. Ha! I hear a Voice; Madam, ——— my Life, my Happiness, where are you, Madam?

Smug. Madam! He takes me for a Woman too, I'll try him. Where have you left your Sanctity, Mr Vizard?

Viz.

Viz. Talk no more of that ungrateful Subject —
I left it where it has only Business, with Day-light;
'tis needless to wear a Mask in the dark.

Smug. O the Rogue, the Rogue; — The World
takes you for a very sober, virtuous Gentleman.

Viz. Ay, Madam, that adds Security to all my
Pleasures — with me a Cully-'Squire may squander
his Estate, and ne'er be thought a Spend-thrift —
With me a holy Elder may zealously be drunk, and
toast his tuneful Noise in Sack, to make it hold forth
clearer — But what is most my Praise, the formal
Rigid she, that rails at Vice and Men, with me se-
cures her loosest Pleasures, and her strictest Honour —
she who with scornful Mien, and virtuous Pride, dis-
dains the Name of Whore, with me can wanton,
and laugh at the deluded World.

Smug. How have I been deceiv'd! Then you are
very great among the Ladies.

Viz. Yes, Madam, they know that like a Mole in
the Earth, I dig deep, but invisible; not like those
fluttering noisy Sinners, whose Pleasure is the Pro-
clamation of their Faults; those empty Flaishes, who
no sooner kindle, but they must blaze to alarm the
World. But come, Madam, you delay our Plea-
sures.

Smug. He surely takes me for the Lady Lurewell —
she has made him an Appointment too — but I'll
be reveng'd of both — Well, Sir, what are those
you are so intimate with?

Viz. Come, come, Madam, you know very well —
those who stand so high, that the Vulgar envy even
their Crimes, whose Figure adds Privilege to their
Sin, and makes it pass unquestion'd: fair, high,
pamper'd Females, whose speaking Eyes, and piercing
Voice, would Arm the Statue of a *Stoick*, and ani-
mate his cold Marble with the Soul of an *Epicure*, all
ravishing, lovely and soft, and kind, like you —

Smug. I'm very lovely and soft indeed! you shall
find me much harder than you imagine, Friend —

Well

Well, Sir, but I suppose your Dissimulation has some other Motive besides Pleasure.

Viz. Yes, Madam, the honestest Motive in the World, Interest — you must know, Madam, that I have an old Uncle, Alderman *Smuggler*, you have seen him, I suppose.

Smug. Yes, yes, I have some small Acquaintance with him.

Viz. 'Tis the most knavish, precise, covetous old Rogue, that ever died of the Gout.

Smug. Ah! The young Son of a Whore! Well, Sir, and what of him?

Viz. Hell hungers not more for wretched Souls, than he for ill-got Pelf — and yet (what's wonderful) he that would stick at no profitable Villany himself, loves Holiness in another — he prays all *Sunday* for the Sins of the Week past — he spends all Dinner-time in two tedious Graces; and what he designs a Blessing to the Meat, proves a Curse to his Family — he's the most —

Smug. Well, well, Sir, I know him very well.

Viz. Then, Madam, he has a swinging Estate, which I design to purchase as a Saint, and spend like a Gentleman. He got it by cheating, and should lose it by Deceit. By the pretence of my Zeal and Sobriety, I'll cozen the old Miser one of these Days, out of a Settlement and Deed of Conveyance —

Smug. It shall be a Deed to convey you to the Gallows, then, ye young Dog. [*Aside.*]

Viz. And no sooner he's dead, but I'll rattle over his Grave with a Coach and Six, to inform his covetous Ghost how genteely I spend his Money.

Smug. I'll prevent you, Boy, for I'll have my Money bury'd with me. [*Aside.*]

Viz. Bless me, Madam! Here's a Light coming this way. I must fly immediately, when shall I see you, Madam?

Smug. Sooner than you expect, my Dear.

Viz.

Viz. Pardon me, dear Madam, I would not be seen for the World. I wou'd sooner forfeit my Life, than my Pleasure, than my Reputation

Smug. Reputation! Reputation! That poor World suffers a great deal——Well! thou art the most accomplish'd Hypocrite that ever made a grave pleading Face over a Dish of Coffee and a Pipe of Tobacco; he owes me for seven Years Maintenance and shall pay me by seven Years Imprisonment; and when I die, I'll leave him to the Fee-simple of a Rope and a Shilling. Who are these? I begin to be afraid of some Mischief——I wish that I were safe within the City Liberties——I'll hide my self.

[*Stands close*]

Enter Butler, with other Servants and Lights.

But. I say there are two Spoons wanting, and I'll search the whole House——Two Spoons will be no small Gap in my Quarter's Wages.——

Serv. When did you miss 'em, *James*?

But. Miss them! Why I miss them now! in short they must be among you, and if you don't return them, I'll go to the Cunning-man to Morrow Morning; my Spoons I want, and my Spoons I will have

Serv. Come, come, search about.

[*Search and discover Smuggler*]

But. Hark'e, good Woman, what makes you hide your self? What are you ashamed of?

Smug. Asham'd of! O Lord, Sir, I'm an honest old Woman that never was ashamed of any thing.

But. What are you, a Midwife then? Speak, did not you see a couple of stray Spoons in your Travels?

Smug. Stray Spoons?

But. Ay, ay, stray Spoons; in short you stole them, and I'll shake your old Limbs to pieces, if you don't deliver them presently.

Smug. Bless me; a reverend Elder of seventy Years old accus'd for *Petty Larceny*!——Why search me good People, search me; and if you find any Spoons about me, you shall burn me for a Witch.

But

But. Ay, we will search you, Mistress.

[*They search and pull the Spoons out of his Pockets.*]

Smug. Oh! the Devil, the Devil!

But. Where, where is he? Lord bless us! she is a Witch in good earnest, may be.

Smug. O, it was some Devil, some *Covent-Garden*, or *St. James's* Devil, that put them in my Pocket.

But. Ay, ay, you shall be hang'd for a Thief, burnt for a Witch, and then carted for a Bawd. Speak, what are you?

Enter Lurewell.

Smug. I'm the Lady *Lurewell's* Nurse.

Lure. What Noise is this?

But. Here is an old *Succubus*, Madam, that has stole two Silver Spoons, and says she's your Nurse.

Lure. My Nurse! O the impudent old Jade, I never saw the wither'd Creature before.

Smug. Then I am finely caught. O Madam! Madam, don't you know me? don't you remember Buss and Guinea?

Lure. Was ever such Impudence? I know thee! why thou'rt as brazen as a Bawd in the Side Box.— Take her before a Justice, and then to *Newgate*, away.

Smug. O! confider, Madam, that I'm an Alderman.

Lure. Confider, Sir, that you're a Compound of Covetousness, Hypocrisy and Knavery, and must be punish'd accordingly ——— You must be in Petticoats, Gouty Monster, must ye! You must Buss and Guinea too; you must tempt a Lady's Honour, old Satyr, away with him.

[*Hurry him off.*]

*Still may our Sex thus Frauds of Men oppose,
Still may our Arts delude these tempting Foes.
May Honour rule, and never all betray'd,
But Vice be caught in Nets for Virtue laid.*

The End of the Fourth A C T.

A C T.

A C T V.

S C E N E, *Lady Darling's House.*

Darling and Angelica.

Darl. **D**Aughter, since you have to deal with a Man of so peculiar a Temper, you must not think the general Arts of Love can secure him; you may therefore allow such a Courtier some Encouragement extraordinary, without reproach to your Modesty.

Ang. I am sensible, Madam, that a formal Nicety makes our Modesty sit aukward, and appears rather a Chain to enslave, than Bracelet to adorn us; — it shou'd shew, when unmolested, easy and innocent as a Dove, but strong and vigorous as a Faulcon, when assaulted.

Darl. I'm afraid, Daughter, you mistake Sir Harry's Gaiety for Dishonour.

Ang. Tho' Modesty, Madam, may wink, it must not sleep, when powerful Enemies are abroad — I must confess, that of all Men's, I wou'd not see Sir Harry Wildaia's Faults; nay, I cou'd wrest his most suspicious Words a thousand ways, to make them look like Honour — But, Madam, in spite of Love, I must hate him, and curse those Practices which taint our Nobility, and rob all virtuous Women of the bravest Men. —

Darl. You must certainly be mistaken, *Angelica*, for I'm satisfy'd Sir Harry's Designs are only to court, and marry you.

Ang. His Pretence, perhaps, was such; but Women now, like Enemies, are attack'd; whether by Treachery, or fairly conquer'd the Glory of the Triumph is the same — Pray, Madam, by what means were you made acquainted with his Designs?

Darl.

Darl. Means, Child! why, my Cousin *Vizard*, who, I'm sure, is your sincere Friend, sent him. He brought me this Letter from my Cousin. —

[Gives her the Letter, which she opens.]

Ang. Ha! *Vizard*! then I'm abus'd in earnest. — Wou'd Sir *Harry*, by his Instigation, fix a base Affront upon me? No, I can't suspect him of so ungentle a Crime — This Letter shall trace the Truth — *[Aside.]* My Suspicions, Madam, are much clear'd; and I hope to satisfy your Ladyship in my Management, when next I see Sir *Harry*.

Enter Servant.

Serv. Madam, here's a Gentleman below calls himself *Wildair*.

Darl. Conduct him up. Daughter, I won't doubt your Discretion. *[Exit. Darling.]*

Enter Wildair.

Wild. O, the Delights of Love and *Burgundy*! — Madam, I have toasted your Ladyship fifteen Bumpers successively, and swallow'd *Cupids* like Loches to every Glass.

Ang. And what then, Sir?

Wild. Why then, Madam, the Wine has got into my Head, and the *Cupids* into my Heart; and unless by quenching quick my Flame, you kindly ease the Smart, I'm a lost Man, Madam.

Ang. Drunkenness, Sir *Harry*, is the worst Pretence a Gentleman can make for Rudeness; for the Excuse is as scandalous as the Fault. — Therefore, pray consider who you are so free with, Sir; a Woman of Condition, that can call half a dozen Footmen upon Occasion.

Wild. Nay, Madam, if you have a mind to toss me in a Blanket, half a dozen Chamber-maids would do better Service. — Come, come, Madam, tho' the Wine makes me lisp, yet has it taught me to speak plainer.

H

plainer. By all the Dust of my ancient Progenitors
I must this Night rest in your Arms.

Ang. Nay then, who waits there? [*Enter Footmen*
Take hold of that Mad-man, and bind him.

Wild. Nay, then *Burgundy's* the Word, Slaughte
will ensue. Hold,——do you know, Scoundrels
that I have bren drinking victorious *Burgundy*?
[*Draws*

Servants. We know you're drunk, Sir.

Wild. Then, how have you the Impudence, Ras
cals, to assault a Gentleman with a couple of Flasks
of Courage in his Head?

Servants. We must do as our young Mistress com
mands us.

Wild. Nay, then have among ye, Dogs.

[*Throws Money among them : They scramble and*
take it up. He pelting them out, shuts the Door
and returns.

Rascals, Poultrons,——I have charm'd the Dragon
and now the Fruit's my own.

Ang. O, the mercenary Wretches! This was a
Plot to betray me.

Wild. I have put the whole Army to flight: And
now I'll take the General Prisoner. [*Laying hold on her*

Ang. I conjure you, Sir, by the sacred Name of
Honour, by your dead Father's Name, and the fair
Reputation of your Mother's Chastity, that you of
fer not the least Offence——Already you have
wrong'd me past Redress.

Wild. Thou art the most unaccountable Creature

Ang. What Madness, Sir *Harry*! what wild Dream
of loose Desire cou'd prompt you to attempt this
Baseness? View me well.——The Brightne's of my
Mind, methinks, should lighten outwards, and let
you see your Mistake in my Behaviour. I think
it shines with so much Innocence in my Face, that
it should dazle all your vicious Thoughts: Think not
I am defenceless 'cause alone. Your very self
Guard against your self: I'm sure, there's something
generous

generous in your Soul; my Words shall snatch it out, and Eyes shall fire it for my own Defence.

Wild. [*Mimicking*] Tal tidum, ti dum, tal ti didi, didum. A Million to one now, but this Girl is just come flush from reading the *Rival Queens*.——I gad, I'll at her in her own Cant.——

O my Statyra, O my angry Dear, turn thy Eyes on me, behold thy Beau in Buskins.

Ang. Behold me, Sir; view me with a sober Thought, free from those Fumes of Wine that throw a Mist before your Sight, and you shall find that every Glance from my reproaching Eyes, is arm'd with sharp Repentment, and with a virtuous Pride that looks Dishonour dead.

Wild. This is the first Whore in *Heroicks* that I have met with; [*Aside.*] Look ye, Madam, as to that slender Particular of your Virtue, we shan't quarrel about it; you may be as Virtuous as any Woman in England, if you please; you may say your Pray'r's all the time:——But, pray, Madam, be pleas'd to consider what is this same Virtue that you make such a mighty Noise about: Can your Virtue bespeak you a Front Row in the Boxes? No, for the Players can't live upon Virtue. Can your Virtue keep you a Coach and Six? No, no; your Virtuous Women walk a Foot——Can your Virtue hire you a Pew in the Church? Why, the very Sexton will tell you, No. Can your Virtue stake for you at Picquet? No. Then, what Business has a Woman with Virtue?——Come, come, Madam, I offer d you fifty Guineas,——there's a hundred——The Devil! Virtuous still! Why, 'tis a hundred, five score, a hundred Guineas.

Ang. O Indignation! Were I a Man, you durst not use me thus; but the mean, poor Abuse you throw on me, reflects upon your self; our Sex still strikes an awe upon the Brave, and only Cowards dare affront a Woman.

Wild. Affront! S'death, Madam, a hundred Guineas will set you up a Bank at Bassett, a hundred Guineas

will furnish out your Lodgings with China; a hundred Guineas will give you an Air of Quality; a hundred Guineas will buy you a rich Escritore for your *Billet-deux*, or a fine *Common-Prayer Book* for your Virtue. A hundred Guineas will buy a hundred fine things, and fine things are for fine Ladies; and fine Ladies are for fine Gentlemen: and fine Gentlemen are ——— I Gad, this *Burgundy* makes a Man speak like an Angel ——— Come, come, Madam, take it, and put it to what use you please.

Ang. I'll use it as I would the base unworthy Giver! thus!

[*Throws down the Purse and stamps upon it.*]

Wild. I have no mind to meddle in State Affairs; but these Women will make me a Parliament-Man 'spight of my Teeth, on purpose to bring in a Bill against their Extortion. She tramples under-foot that Deity which all the World adores. ——— O the blooming Pride of beautiful Eighteen; 'Pshaw, I'll talk to her no longer; I'll make my Markets with the old Gentlewoman, she knows Business better ——— [*Goes to the Door.*] Here, you, Friend, pray desire the old Lady to walk in. ——— Hearkee, Gad, Madam, I'll tell your Mother.

Enter Darling.

Darl. Well, Sir Harry, and how d'ye like my Daughter pray?

Wild. Like her, Madam! ——— Hearkee, will you take it? Why, faith, Madam! ——— take the Money, I say, or I gad, all's out.

Ang. All shall out; Sir, you're a Scandal to the Name of Gentleman.

Wild. With all my Heart, Madam: ——— In short, Madam, your Daughter has us'd me somewhat too familiarly, tho' I have treated her like a Woman of Quality.

Darl. How, Sir?

Wild. Why, Madam, I have offer'd her a hundred Guineas.

Darl. A hundred Guineas! upon what Score?

Wild.

Wild. Upon what Score! Lord, Lord, how these old Women love to hear Bawdy. Why, faith, Madam, I have ne'er a double *Entendre* ready at present, but I'll sing you a Song.

*Behold the Goldfinches, tall al de rall.
And a Man of my Inches, tall al de rall,
You shall take um, believe me, tall al de rall,
If you will give me your tall al de rall.*

A modish Minuet, Madam, that's all.

Darl. Sir, I don't understand you.

Wild. Ay, she will have it in plain terms; then, Madam, in downright *English*, I offer'd your Daughter a hundred Guineas, to——

Ang. Hold, Sir, stop your abusive Tongue, too loose for modest Ears to bear.——Madam, I did before suspect that his Designs were base, now they're too plain; this Knight, this mighty Man of Wit and Humour, is made a Tool to a Knave: *Vizard* has sent him of a Bully's Errand to affront a Woman; but I scorn the Abuse, and him that offer'd it.

Darl. How, Sir, come to affront us! D'ye know who we are, Sir?

Wild. Know who you are! Why, your Daughter there is Mr. *Vizard's*—Cousin, I suppose:—And for you, Madam,——now to call her Procuress *Alamode France*. [*Aside.*] *J'estime votre Occupation.*——

Darl. Pray, Sir, speak *English*.

Wild. 'Then to define her Office, *Alamode de Londres*! [*Aside.*] I suppose your Ladyship to be one of those civil, obliging, discreet, old Gentlewomen, who keep their visiting Days for the Entertainment of their presenting Friends, whom they treat with Imperial Tea, a private Room, and a Pack of Cards. Now I suppose you do understand me.

Darl. This is beyond sufferance; but say, thou abusive Man, what Injury have you ever receiv'd from me or mine, thus to engage you in this scandalous Asperision?

Ang. Yes, Sir, what Cause, what Motives, could induce you thus to debase your self below your Rank?

Wild. Hey day, Now dear *Roxana*, and you my fair *Statyra*, be not so very Heroick in your Styles; *Vizard's* Letter may resolve you, and answer all the impertinent Questions you have made me.

Both Women. We appeal to that.

Wild. And I'll stand to't; he read it to me, and the Contents were pretty plain, I thought.

Ang. Here, Sir, peruse it, and see how much we are injur'd, and you deceiv'd.

Wild. [Opening the Letter.] But hold, Madam, [To *Darling*.] before I read I'll make some Condition: — *Mr. Vizard* says here, that I won't scruple 30 or 40 Pieces. Now, Madam, if you have clapt in another Cypher to the Account, and made it 3 or 4 hundred, 'e Gad, I will not stand to't,

Ang. Now I can't tell whether Disdain or Anger be the most just Resentment for this Injury,

Darl. The Letter, Sir, shall answer you.

Wild. Well then [Reads.]

Out of my earnest Inclination to serve your Ladyship, and my Cousin Angelica,—Ay, ay, the very Words, I can say it by Heart—I have sent Sir Harry Wildair—to ——— What the Devil's this? Sent Sir Harry Wildair to court my Cousin! ——— He read to me quite a different thing. ——— He's a Gentleman of great Parts and Fortune ——— He's a Son of a Whore, and a Rascal ——— And would make your Daughter very Happy [Whistles.] in a Husband. [Looks foolish, and hums a Song.] Oh, poor Sir Harry, what have the angry Stars design'd?

Ang. Now, Sir, I hope you need no Instigation to redress our Wrongs, since even the Injury points the way.

Darl. Think, Sir, that our Blood for many Generations, has run in the purest Channel of unfully'd Honour.

Wild.

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Wild. Ay, Madam.

[*Bows to her.*]

Ang. Consider what a tender Flower is Woman's Reputation, which the least Air of foul Detraction blasts.

Wild. Yes, Madam.

[*Bows to other.*]

Darl. Call then to mind your rude and scandalous Behaviour.

Wild. Right, Madam.

[*Bows again*]

Ang. Remember the base Price you offer'd me.

[*Exit.*]

Wild. Very true, Madam; was ever Man so catechiz'd?

Darl. Then think that *Vizard*, Villain *Vizard*, caus'd all this, yet lives: that's all; farewell.

Wild. Stay, Madam, [*To Darling.*] one Word; is there no other way to redress your Wrongs, but by fighting?

Darl. Only one, Sir, which if you can think of, you may do; you know the Business I entertain'd you for.

Wild. I understand, you, Madam. [*Exit. Darling.*] Here am I brought to a very pretty Dilemma, I must commit Murder, or commit Matrimony; which is best now? A License from *Doctors Commons*, or a Sentence from the *Old Baily*? If I kill my Man, the Laws hangs me: If I marry my Woman, I shall hang my self.—But, Dam it, ——— Cowards dare fight; I'll marry, that's the most daring Action of the two: So my dear Cousin *Angelica*, have at you.

SCENE *Newgate.* Clincher senior *solus.*

Clin. How severe and melancholy are *Newgate* Reflections? Last Week my Father died; yesterday I turn'd Beau; to Day I am laid by the Heels, and to morrow shall be hung by the Neck——I was agreeing with a Bookseller about printing an Account of my Journey through *France* and *Italy*; but now the History of my Travels must be thro' *Holbourn* to *Tyburn*, —*The last and dying Speech of Beau Clincher, that*

H 4

was

was going to the Jubilee.—*Come a Half-penny a-piece.*
A sad sound, a sad sound, faith. 'Tis one way to
have a Man's Death make a great noise in the
World.

Enter Smuggler and Goaler.

Smug. Well, Friend, I have told you who I am :
So send these Letters into *Thames-street*, as directed ;
they are to Gentlemen that will bail me. [*Exit Goaler.*]
Eh ! this *Newgate* is a very populous Place : Here's
Robbery and Repentance in every Corner.——
Well, Friend, what are you ? a Cut-throat or a Bum-
Bailiff ?

Clin. What are you, Mistress ? a Bawd or a
Witch ? Hearkee, if you are a Witch, d'ye see, I'll
give you a hundred Pounds to mount me on a
Broom-staff, and whip me away to the *Jubilee*.

Smug. The *Jubilee* ! O, you young Rake hell,
what brought you here ?

Clin. Ah, you old Rogue, what brought you here,
if you go to that ?

Smug. I knew, Sir, what your powdering, your
prinking, your dancing, and your frisking, would
come to.

Clin. And I knew what your Cozening, your Ex-
tortion, and your Smugling would come to.

Smug. Ay, Sir, you must break your Inden-
tures, and run to the Devil in a full Bottom Wig,
must you ?

Clin. Ay, Sir, and you must put off your Gravity,
and run to the Devil in Petticoats :——You design
to swing in Masquerade, Master, d'ye ?

Smug. Ay, you must go to Plays too, Sirrah : Lord,
Lord ! What Business has a Prentice at a Play-house,
unless it be to hear his Master made a Cuckold, and
his Mistress a Whore ? 'tis ten to one now, but
some malicious Poet has my Character upon the
Stage within this Month : 'Tis a hard matter now,
that an honest sober Man can't sin in private for this
plaguy Stage. I gave an honest Gentleman five Gui-
neas

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ne as my self towards writing a Book against it : And it has done no good, we see.

Clin. Well, well, Master, take Courage ! our Comfort is, we have liv'd together, and shall die together, only with this difference, that I have liv'd like a Fool, and shall die like a Knave ; and you have liv'd like a Knave, and shall die like a Fool.

Smug. No, Sirrah ! I have sent a Messenger for my Cloaths, and shall get out immediately, and shall be upon your Jury by and-by, — Go to Prayers you Rogue, to Prayers. [Exit. Smug.]

Clin. Prayers ! 'tis a hard taking, when a Man must say Grace to the Gallows. — Ah, this cursed Intriguing ! Had I swung handsomely in a silken Garter now, I had died in my Duty ; but to hang in Hemp, like the Vulgar, 'tis very ungenteel.

Enter Tom Errand.

A Reprieve ! a Reprieve ! thou dear, dear, — damn'd Rogue. Where have you been ? Thou art the most welcome — Son of a Whore ; where's my Cloaths ?

Err. Sir, I see where mine are : Come, Sir, strip, Sir, strip.

Clin. What, Sir, will you abuse a Gentleman ?

Err. A Gentleman ! Ha, ha, ha, d'ye know where you are, Sir ? We're all Gentlemen here ; — I stand up for Liberty and Property. — *Newgate's* a Common-wealth. No Courtier has Business among us ; come, Sir.

Clin. Well, but stay, stay till I send for my own Cloaths : I shall get our presently.

Err. No, no, Sir ! I'll ha' you into the Dungeon, and uncase you.

Clin. Sir, you can't master me ; for I'm twenty thousand strong. [Exeunt struggling.]

H 5

SCENE

SCENE, *Changes to Lady Darling's House.*

Enter Wildair with Letters, Servants following.

Wild. Here, fly all around, and bear these, as directed ; you to *Westminster*,——you to *St. James's*, and you into the City.——Tell all my Friends, a Bridegroom's Joy invites their Presence. Look all of ye like Bridegroom's also : All appear with hospitable Looks, and bear a Welcome in your Faces.——Tell 'em I'm marry'd. If any ask to whom, make no Reply ; but tell 'em that I'm marry'd, that Joy shall crown the Day, and Love the Night. Be gone, fly.

Enter Standard.

A thousand Welcomes, Friend ; my Pleasure's now complete, since I can share it with my Friend : Brisk Joy shall bound from me to you. Then back agen ; and, like the Sun, grow warmer by Reflection.

Stand. You're always pleasant, Sir *Harry* ; but this transcends your self : Whence proceeds it ?

Wild. Canst thou not guess, my Friend ? Whence flows all Earthly Joy ? What is the Life of Man, and Soul of Pleasure ?——*Woman.*——What fires the Heart with Transport, and the Soul with Raptures ? *Lovely Woman*——What is the Master-stroke and Smile of the Creation, but *charming, virtuous Woman* ?——When Nature in the general Composition, first brought Woman forth, like a flush'd Poet, ravish'd with his Fancy, with Ecstasie ! it blest the fair Production.——Methinks, my Friend, you relish not my Joy. What is the Cause ?

Stand. Canst thou not guess ?——What is the Bane of Man, and Scourge of Life, but *Woman* ?——What is the Heathenish Idol Man sets up, and is damn'd for worshipping, *Treacherous Woman* ?——What are those, whose Eyes, like Basilisks, shine beautiful for sure Destruction, whose Smiles are dangerous as the Grin of Fiends, but *false deluding Woman* ?——*Woman !* whose Composition inverts Humanity ;

manity ; their Body's Heavenly ; but their Souls are Clay.

Wild. Come, come, Collonel, this is too much : I know your Wrongs receiv'd from *Lurewell* may excuse your Resentments against her. But 'tis unpardonable to charge the Failings of a single Woman upon the whole Sex.——I have found one, whose Virtues——

Stand. So have I, Sir *Harry* ; I have found one whose Pride's above yielding to a Prince. And if Lying, Dissembling, Perjury and Falshood, be no Breaches in a Woman's Honour, she's as innocent as Infancy.

Wild. Well, Collonel, I find your Opinion grows stronger by Opposition ; I shall now therefore wave the Argument, and only beg you for this Day to make a Shew of Complaisance at least.——Here comes my charming Bride.

Enter Darling and Angelica.

Stand. [Saluting *Angelica*] I wish you, Madam, all the Joys of Love and Fortune.

Enter Clincher junior.

Clin. Gentlemen and Ladies, I'm just upon the Spur, and have only a Minute to take my Leave.

Wild. Whither are you bound, Sir ?

Clin. Bound, Sir ! I'm going to the *Jubilee*, Sir.

Darl. Bless me, Cousin ! how came you by these Cloaths ?

Clin. Cloaths ! ha, ha, ha : the rarest Jest ! Ha, ha, ha, I shall burst, by *Jupiter Ammon*, I shall burst.

Darl. What's the matter, Cousin ?

Clin. The matter ! Ha, ha, ha : Why, an honest Porter, ha, ha, ha, has knock'd out my Brother's Brains, ha, ha, ha.

Wild. A very good Jest, P'faith, ha, ha, ha.

Clin. Ay, Sir, but the Jest of all is, he knock'd out his Brains with a Hammer, and so he is as dead as a Door nail, ha, ha, ha.

H. 5

Darl.

Darl. And do you laugh, Wretch?

Clin. Laugh! ha, ha, ha, let me see e'er a younger Brother in *England* that won't laugh at such a Jest.

Ang. You appear'd a very sober pious Gentleman some Hours ago.

Clin. 'Pshaw, I was a Fool then: But now, Madam, I'm a Wit; I can Rake now.——As for your part, Madam, you might have had me once!—But now, Madam, if you should chance fall to eating Chalk, or gnawing the Sheets, 'tis none of my Fault.——Now, Madam——I have got an Estate, and I must go to the *Jubilee*.

Enter Clincher senior in a Blanket.

Clin. sen. Must you so, Rogue, must must ye?——You will go to the *Jubilee*, will you?

Clin. jun. A Ghost, a Ghost!——Send for the Dean and Chapter presently.

Clin. sen. A Ghost! No, no, Sirrah, I'm an elder Brother, Rogue.

Clin. jun. I don't care a Farthing for that; I'm sure you're dead in Law.

Clin. sen. Why so, Sirrah, why so?

Clin. jun. Because, Sir, I can get a Fellow to swear he knock'd out your Brains.

Wild. An odd way of swearing a Man out of his Life!

Clin. jun. Smell him, Gentlemen, he has a deadly Scent about him——

Clin. sen. Truly the Apprehensions of Death may have made me savour a little——O Lord,——the Collonel! The Apprehension of him may make the Savour worse, I'm afraid.

Clin. jun. In short, Sir, were you a Ghost, or Brother, or Devil, I will go to the *Jubilee*, by *Jupiter Ammon*.

Stand. Go to the *Jubilee*, go to the *Bear-Garden*,——the Travel of such Fools as you, doubly injures our Countrey; you expose our Native Follies, which ridicule us among Strangers, and return fraught only with

with their Vices, which you vend here for fashionable Gallantry; a travelling Fool is as dangerous, as a home-bred Villain—Get you to your native Plough and Cart, converse with Animals like your selves, Sheep and Oxen; Men are Creatures you don't understand.

Wild. Let 'em alone, Collonel, their Folly will be now diverting. Come, Gentlemen, we'll dispute this Point some other time; I hear some Fiddles tuning, let's hear how they can entertain us.

A Servant enters and whispers Wildair.

Wild. Madam, shall I beg you to entertain the Company in the next Room for a Moment:

[*To Darling.*

Darl. With all my Heart—Come, Gentlemen.

[*Exeunt omnes but Wildair.*

Wild. A Lady to enquire for me! Who can this be?

Enter Lurewell.

O! Madam, this Favour is beyond my Expectation, to come uninvited to dance at my Wedding—What d'ye gaze at, Madam?

Lure. A Monster—if thou'rt marry'd, thou'rt the most perjur'd Wretch that e'er avouch'd Deceit.

Wild. Hey day! Why, Madam, I'm sure I never swore to marry you: I made indeed a slight Promise, upon Condition of your granting me a small Favour, but you would not consent, you know.

Lure. How he upbraids me with my Shame ——— Can you deny your binding Vows when this appears a Witness 'gainst your Falshood. [*Shews a Ring.* Methinks the Motto of this sacred Pledge shou'd flash Confusion in your guilty Face ——— read, read here the binding Words of Love and Honour, Words not unknown to your perfidious Eyes, ——— tho' utter Strangers to your treacherous Heart.

Wild. The Woman's stark staring mad, that's certain.

Lure.

Lure. Was it maliciously design'd to let me find my Misery when past Redress; to let me know you, only to know you false? ——— Had not cursed Chance shew'd me the surprising Motto, I had been happy— The first Knowledge I had of you was fatal to me, and this second worse.

Wild. What the Devil is all this! ——— Madam, I'm not at leisure for Raillery at present, I have weighty Affairs upon my Hands; the Business of Pleasure, Madam, any other time ——— [Going.]

Lure. Stay, I conjure you stay.

Wild. Faith I can't, my Bride expects me; but hark'e, when the Honey-Moon is over, about a Month or two hence, I may do you a small Favour.

[Exit.]

Lure. Grant me some wild Expressions, Heaven's, or I shall burst ——— Woman's Weakness, Man's Falshood, my own Shame, and Love's Disdain, at once swell up my Breast ——— Words, Words, or I shall burst.

[Going.]

Enter Standard.

Stand. Stay, Madam, you need not shun my Sight; for if you are perfect Woman, you have Confidence to out-face a Crime, and bear the Charge of Guilt without a Blush.

Lure. The Charge of Guilt! What? Making a Fool of you? I've don't, and glory in the Act; the height of Female Justice were to make you all hang or drown; dissembling to the Prejudice of Men is Virtue; and every Look, or Sign, or Smile, or Tear that can deceive is meritorious.

Stand. Very pretty Principles truly ——— if there be Truth in Woman, 'tis now in thee ——— Come, Madam, you know that you're discovered, and being sensible you can't escape, you wou'd now turn to Bay.

That Ring, Madam, proclaims you guilty.

Lure. O Monster, Villain, perfidious Villain! Has he told you!

Stand. I'll tell it you, and loudly too.

[Exit.]

Lure. O name it not ——— yet, speak it out, 'tis so just a Punishment for putting Faith in Man, that I will bear it all; and let credulous Maids, that trust their Honour to the Tongues of Men, thus hear their Shame proclaim'd—Speak now, what his busy Scandal, and your improving Malice both dare utter.

Stand. Your Falshood can't be reach'd by Malice nor by Satyr; your Actions are the justest Libel on your Fame---your Words, your Looks, your Tears, I did believe in spite of common Fame. Nay, 'gainst mine own Eyes, I still maintain'd your Truth. I imagin'd *Wildair's* boasting of your Favours to be the pure Result of his own Vanity: At last he urg'd your taking Presents of him, as a convincing Proof of which you yesterday from him receiv'd that Ring--which Ring, that I might be sure he gave it, I lent it him for that Purpose.

Lure. Ha! You lent it him for that Purpose!

Stand. Yes, yes, Madam, I lent him for that Purpose——no denying it——I know it well, for I have worn it long, and desire you now, Madam, to restore it to the just Owner.

Lure. The just Owner! Think, Sir, think but of what Importance 'tis to own it; if you have Love and Honour in your Soul, 'tis then most justly yours, if not, you are a Robber, and have stol'n it basely.

Stand. Ha———your Words, like meeting Flints, have struck a Light to shew me something strange---but tell me instantly, is not your real Name *Manly*?

Lure. Answer me first, did not you receive this Ring about twelve Years ago?

Stand. I did.

Lure. And were not you about that time entertain'd two Nights at the House of Sir *Oliver Manly*, in *Oxfordshire*?

Stand. I was, I was. [*Runs to her and embraces her.*] The blest Remembrance fires my Soul with Transport —— I know the rest —— you are the charming She, and I the happy Man.

Lure. How has blind Fortune stumbled on the right ! But where have you wander'd since ? — 'twas cruel to forsake me.

Stand. The Particulars of my Fortune are too tedious now : But to discharge my self from the Stain of Dishonour, I must tell you, that immediately upon my return to the University, my elder Brother and I quarrel'd : My Father, to prevent farther Mischiefs, posts me away to Travel : I writ to you from *London*, but fear the Letter came not to your Hands.

Lure. I never had the least account of you by Letter or otherwise.

Stand. Three Years I liv'd abroad, and at my return, found you were gone out of the Kingdom ; tho' none could tell me whither : Missing you thus, I went to *Flanders*, serv'd my King till the Peace commenc'd ; then fortunately going on Board at *Amsterdam*, one Ship transported us both to *England*. At the first sight I lov'd, tho' ignorant of the hidden Cause——You may remember, Madam, that talking once of Marriage, I told you I was engag'd ; to your dear self I meant.

Lure. Then Men are still most generous and brave——and to reward your Truth, an Estate of Three Thousand Pounds a Year waits your Acceptance ; and if I can satisfy you in my past Conduct, and the Reasons that engag'd me to deceive all Men, I shall expect the honourable Performance of your Promise, and that you wou'd stay with me in *England*.

Stand. Stay ! nor Fame, nor Glory, e'er shall part us more. My Honour can be no where more concern'd than here.

Enter Wildair, Angelica, both Clinchers.

Oh ! Sir *Harry*, Fortune has acted Miracles to Day, the Story's strange and tedious, but all amounts to this, That Woman's Mind is charming as her Person, and I am made a Convert too to Beauty.

Wild.

Wild. I wanted only this to make my Pleasure perfect. And, now Madam, we may Dance and Sing, and Love and Kifs in good earnest. —

A Dance here. After the Dance, enter Smuggler.

Smug. So, Gentlemen and Ladies, I'm glad to find you so Merry, is my Gracious Nephew among ye?

Wild. Sir, he dares not shew his Face among such honourable Company, for your Gracious Nephew is —

Smug. What, Sir? Have a care what you say.

Wild. A Villain, Sir.

Smug. With all my Heart — I'll pardon you the beating me for that very Word. And pray, Sir *Harry*, when you see him next, tell him this News from me, that I have disinherited him, that I will leave him as poor as a disbanded Quarter-master. And this is the positive and stiff Resolution of Threescore and Ten; an Age that sticks as obstinately to its purpose, as to the old Fashion of its Cloak.

Wild. You see, Madam, [*To Angel.*] how industriously Fortune has punish'd his Offence to you.

Angel. I can scarcely, Sir, reckon it an Offence, considering the happy Consequence of it.

Smug. O! Sir *Harry*, he is as hypocritical —

Lure. As your self, Mr. Alderman: How fares my good old Nurse, pray, Sir?

Smug. O Madam, I shall be even with you before I part with your Writings and Money, that I have in my Hands.

Stand. A Word with you, Mr. Alderman; do you know this Pocket-Book.

Smug. O Lord, it contains an Account of all my secret Practices in Trading [*Aside.*] How came you by it, Sir?

Stand. Sir *Harry* here dusted it out of your Pocket, at this Lady's House Yesterday: It contains an Account of some secret Practices in your Merchandizing; among the rest the Counterpart of an Agreement

ment with a Correspondent at *Bourdeaux*, about transporting *French Wine* in *Spanish Casks*—First return this Lady all her Writings, then I shall consider whether I shall lay your Proceedings before the Parliament or not, whose Justice will never suffer your smuggling to go unpunish'd.

Smug. O my poor Ship and Cargo !

Clin. sen. Hark'e, Master, you had as good come along with me to the *Jubilee* now.

Angel. Come, Mr. Alderman, for once let a Woman advise: Would you be thought an honest Man, banish Covetousness, that worst Gout of Age; Avarice is a poor pilfering Quality of the Soul, and will as certainly cheat, as a Thief would steal——Would you be thought a Reformer of the Times, be less severe in your Censures, less rigid in your Precepts, and more strict in your Example.

Wild. Right, Madam, Virtue flows freer from Imitation, than Compulsion; of which, Collonel, your Conversion and mine are just Examples.

*In vain are musty Morals taught in Schools,
By rigid Teachers, and as rigid Rules,
Where Virtue with a frowning Aspect stands,
And frights the Pupil from its rough Commands.
But Woman ———*

*Charming Woman can true Converts make,
We love the Precepts for the Teacher's sake.
Virtue in them appears so bright, so gay,
We hear with Transport, and with Pride obey.*

The End of the Fifth ACT.



EPI.

EPILOGUE.

Spoken by Mr. WILKS.

NOW all depart each his respective Way,
To spend an Evening's Chat upon the Play;
Some to Hippolito's; one homeward goes,
And one with loving she retires to th' Rose.
The am'rous Pair in all things frank and free,
Perhaps may save the Play, in number Three.
The tearing Spark, if Phyllis ought gainsays,
Breaks th' Drawer's Head, kicks her, and murders Bays.
To Coffee some retreat to save their Pockets,
Others, more generous, damn the Play at Locketts;
But there, I hope, the Author's Fears are vain,
Malice ne'er spoke in generous Champaign.
That Poet merits an ignoble Death,
Who fears to fall over a brave Monteth.
The Privilege of Wine we only ask,
You'll taste again, before you damn the Flask.
Our Author fears not you; but those he may,
Who in cold Blood murder a Man in Tea.
Those Men of Spleen who fond the World should know it,
Sit down, and for their Twopence damn a Poet.
Their Criticism's good, that we can say for't,
They understand a Play——too well to pay for't,
From Box to Stage, from Stage to Box they run,
First steal the Play, then damn it when they've done.
But now, to know what Fate may us betide,
Among our Friends in Cornhill and Cheapside.
But those, I think, have but one Rule for Plays;
They'll say they're good, if so the World but says.

If

EPILOGUE.

*If it should please them and their Spouses know it,
They strait enquire what kind of Man's the Poet.
But from Side-box we dread a fearful Doom,
All the good natur'd Beaux are gone to Rome.
The Ladies Censure I'd almost forgot,
Then for a Line or two t'engage their Vote :
But that way's old, below our Author's Aim,
No less than his whole Play is Complement to them.
For their Sakes then the Play can't miss succeeding,
Tho' Criticks may want Wit, they have good Breeding;
They won't, I'm sure, forfeit the Ladies Graces,
By shewing their ill-nature to their Faces :
Our Business with good Manners may be done,
Flatter us here, and damn us when you're gone.*



Sir

Sir HARRY WILDAIR.

Being the SEQUEL of the

Trip to the Jubilee.

A

COMEDY.

As it is ACTED at the

THEATRE-ROYAL

IN

DRURY-LANE,

By Her MAJESTY's Servants.

L O N D O N :

Printed for JAMES and JOHN KNAPTON. 1728.



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To the Right HONOURABLE the

Earl of *Albemarle*, &c.

Knight of the most Noble Order of the Garter.

My LORD,

MY Pen is both a Novice in Poetry, and a Stranger at Court, and can no more raise it self to the Style of *Panegyrick*, than it can stoop to the *Art of Flattery*; but if in the plain and simple Habit of Truth, it may presume to mix with that Crowd of Followers that daily attend upon your Lordship's Favour, please to behold a Stranger, with this difference, that he pays more Homage to your Worth, than Adoration to your Greatness.

This Distinction, my Lord, will appear too nice and *Metaphysical* to the World, who know your Lordship's Merit and Place to be inseparable, that they can only differ as the Cause from the Effect; and this, my Lord, is as much beyond Dispute, as that your Royal Master, who has made the noble Choice, is the most wise, and most discerning Prince in the Universe.

To present the World with a lively Draught of your Lordship's Perfections, I should enumerate the Judgment, Conduct, Piety and Courage of our great and gracious King, who can only place his Favours on those shining Qualifications, for which his Majesty is so eminently remarkable himself; but this, my Lord, will prove the Business of a voluminous *History*, and your Lordship's Character must attend the Fame of your great Master in the *Memoires* of Futurity, as your
faith-

The Epistle Dedicatory.

faithful Service has hitherto accompanied the noble Actions of his Life.

The greatest Princes in all Ages, have had their Friends and Favourites, with them to communicate and debate their Thoughts, so to exercise and ripen their Judgments; or sometimes to ease their Cares by imparting them. The great *Augustus*, we read in his Project of settling the unwieldy *Roman* Conquests on a fixt Basis of Government, had the Design laid, not in his Counsel, but his Closet; there we find him with his two Friends *Mecænas* and *Agrippa*, his Favourite Friends, Persons of sound Judgment, and unquestionable Fidelity; there the great Question is freely and reasonably debated, without the Noise of Faction, and constraint of Formality; and there was laid that prodigious Scheme of Government, that soon recover'd their bleeding Country, heal'd the Wounds of the Civil War, blest the Empire with a lasting Peace, and styl'd its Monarch *Pater Patriæ*.

The Parallel, my Lord, is easily made; we have our *Cæsar* too, no less renown'd than the foremention'd *Augustus*; he first asserted our Liberties at home against Popery and Thralldom, headed our Armies abroad with Bravery and Success, gave Peace to *Europe*, and Security to our Religion. And you, my Lord, are his *Mecænas*, the private Counsellor to those great Transactions which have made *England* so formidable to its Enemies, that (which I blush to own) it is grown jealous of its Friends.

But here, my Lord, appears the particular Wisdom and Circumspection of your Lordship's Conduct, that you so firmly retain the Favour of your Master without the Envy of the Subject; your Moderation and even Deportment between both, has secur'd to your Lordship the Ear of the King, and the Heart of the People; the Nation has voted you their *Good Angel* in all Suits and Petitions to their Prince, and their Success fills the three Kingdoms with daily Praises of your Lordship's Goodness, and his Majesty's Grace and Clemency.

And

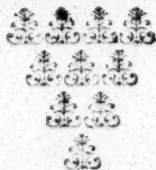
And now, my Lord, give me leave humbly to beg, that among all the good Actions of your Lordship's high and happy Station, the encouragement of Arts and Literature may not be solely excluded from the influence of your Favour. The Polite *Mecœnas*, whom I presum'd to make a Parallel to your Lordship in the Favour of his Prince, had his *Virgil*, and his *Horace*, and his Time was mostly divided between the Emperor, and the Poet; he so manag'd his Stake of Royal Favour, that as *Augustus* made him great, so the Muses fix'd him immortal; and *Maro's* Excellency, my Lord, will appear the less Wonder, when we consider that his Pen was so cherish'd with Bounty, and inspir'd by Gratitude.

But I can lay no Claim to the Merits of so great a Person for my Access to your Lordship; I have only this to recommend me without Art void of Rhetorick, that I am a true Lover of my King, and pay an unfeigned Veneration to all those who are his trusty Servants, and faithful Ministers; which infers that I am, my Lord, with all Submission,

Your Lordship's most devoted, and

most obedient humble Servant,

G. FARQUHAR.



I

P R O-

PROLOGUE.

OUR Authors have, in most their late Essays,
 Prologu'd their own, by damning other Plays;
 Made great Harangues to teach you what was fit
 To pass for Humour and go down for Wit.
 Athenian Rules must form an English Piece,
 And Drury-lane comply with ancient Greece.
 Exactness only, such as Terence writ,
 Must please our masqu'd Lucretias in the Pit.
 Our Youthful Author swears he cares not a Pin
 For Vossius, Scaliger, Hedelin, or Rapin:
 He leaves to learned Pens such labour'd Lays,
 You are the Rules by which he writes his Plays.
 From musty Books let others take their View,
 He hates dull Reading, but he studies You.
 First, from you Beaux, his Lesson is Formality;
 And in your Footmen there ——— most nice Morality;
 To pleasure them his Pegasus must fly,
 Because they judge, and lodge, three Stories high.
 From the Front-Boxes he has pick'd his Style,
 And learns, without a Blush, to make 'em Smile;
 A Lesson only taught us by the Fair;
 A waggish Action ——— but a modest Air.
 Among his Friends here in the Pit, he reads
 Some Rules that every modish Writer needs.
 He learns from ev'ry Covent-Garden Critick's Face,
 The modern Forms of Action, Time, and Place,

The

PROLOGUE.

*The Action he's aſham'd to name, — d'ye ſee,
The Time is Seven, the Place is Number Three.
The Maſques he only reads by paſſant Looks.
He dares not venture far into their Books.
Thus then the Pit and Boxes are his Schools,
Your Air, your Humour, his Dramatick Rules.
Let Criticks cenſure then, and hiſs like Snakes,
He gains his Ends, if his light Fancy takes
St. James's Beaux, and Covent-Garden Rakes.*

}



Dramatis Personæ.

Sir <i>Harry Wildair</i> ,	Mr. <i>Wilks</i> .
Col. <i>Standard</i> ,	Mr. <i>Mills</i> .
<i>Fireball</i> , a Sea Captain,	Mr. <i>Johnsen</i> .
Monf. <i>Marquis</i> , a sharpening Refugee,	Mr. <i>Gibber</i> .
<i>Beau Banter</i> .	Mrs. <i>Rogers</i> .
<i>Clincher</i> , the Jubilee-Beau turn'd } Politician,	Mr. <i>Pinkethman</i> .
<i>Dicky</i> , Servant to <i>Wildair</i> ,	Mr. <i>Norris</i> .
<i>Shark</i> , Servant to <i>Fireball</i> ,	Mr. <i>Fairbank</i> .
<i>Ghost</i> ,	Mrs. <i>Rogers</i> .
Lord <i>Bellamy</i> ,	Mr. <i>Simpson</i> .

W O M E N.

Lady <i>Lurewell</i> ,	Mrs. <i>Verbruggen</i> .
<i>Angelica</i> ,	Mrs. <i>Rogers</i> .
<i>Parly</i> ,	Mrs. <i>Lucas</i> .

Servants and Attendants.

SCENE, St. *JAMES'S*.

THE



THE
SECOND PART
OF THE
CONSTANT COUPLE:
OR, A
Trip to the Jubilee.



ACT I.
SCENE, *The Park.*

Enter Standard and Fireball meeting.

Stand.



AH ! Brother *Fireball* ! Wel-
come ashore, What ! Heart
whole ? Limbs firm, and Fri-
gate safe ?

Fire. All, all, as my Fortune
and Friends cou'd wish.

Stand. And what News from
the *Baltick* ?

Fire. Why, yonder are three or four young Boys
i'th' North that have got Globes and Scepters to play
with :

with : They fell to Loggerheads about their Playthings ; the *English* came in like *Robbin Good-Fellow*, cry'd *Bob*, and made 'em quiet.

Stand. In the next place then, you're to congratulate my Success : You have heard, I suppose, that I've marry'd a fine Lady with a great Fortune.

Fire. Ay, ay, 'twas my first News upon my Landing, that Collonel *Standard* had marry'd the fine Lady *Lurewell*——A fine Lady indeed ! A very fine Lady !——But Faith, Brother, I had rather turn Skippei to an *Indian Canoo*, than manage the Vessel you're Master of.

Stand. Why so, Sir ?

Fire. Because she'll run adrift with every Wind that blows : She's all Sail and no Ballast——Shall I tell you the Character I have heard of a fine Lady ? A fine Lady can laugh at the Death of her Husband, and cry for the Loss of her Lap-Dog. A fine Lady is angry without a Cause, and pleas'd without a Reason. A fine Lady has the Vapours all the Morning, and the Cholick all the Afternoon. The Pride of a fine Lady is above the Merit of an understanding Head ; yet her Vanity will stoop to the Adoration of a Peruke. And in fine, a fine Lady goes to Church for Fashion's sake, and to the Bassett-Table with Devotion ; and her Passion for Gaming exceeds her Vanity of being thought virtuous, or the Desire of acting the contrary.——We Seamen speak plain, Brother.

Stand. You Seamen are like your Element, always tempestuous, too ruffling to handle a fine Lady.

Fire. Say you so ? Why then give me thy Hand, honest *Frank*, and let the World talk on and be damn'd.

Stand. The World talk, say you ? What does the World talk ?

Fire. Nothing, nothing at all——They only say what's usual upon such Occasions : That your Wife's the greatest Coquet about the Court, and your Worship the greatest Cuckold about the City : That's all.

Stand.

Stand. How, how, Sir?

Fire. That she's a Coquet, and you a Cuckold.

Stand. She's an Angel in her self, and a Paradise to me.

Fire. She's an *Eve* in her self, and a Devil to you.

Stand. She's all Truth, and the World a Liar.

Fire. Why then, I gad, Brother, it shall be so; I'll back again to *White's*, and whoever dares mutter Scandal of my Brother and Sister, I'll dash his Rati-fain's Face, and call him a Liar. [Going.]

Stand. Hold hold, Sir. The World is too strong for us. Were Scandal and Detraction to be thoroughly reveng'd, we must murder all the Beaux, and poison half the Ladies: Those that have nothing else to say, must tell Stories; Fools over *Burgundy*, and Ladies over *Tea*, must have something that's sharp to relish their Liquor; Malice is the piquant Sauce of such Conversation; and without it, their Entertainment wou'd prove mighty insipid——Now, Brother, why should we pretend to quarrel with all Mankind?

Fire. Because all Mankind quarrel with us.

Stand. The worst reason in the World.———
Wou'd you pretend to devour a Lion, because a Lion wou'd devour you?

Fire. Yes, if I cou'd?

Stand. Ay, that's right; if you cou'd! But since you have neither Teeth nor Paws for such an Encounter, lie quietly down, and perhaps the furious Beast may run over you.

Fire. 'Sdeath, Sir! But, I say, that whoever abuses my Brother's Wife, tho' at the back of the King's Chair, he's a Villain.

Stand. No, no, Brother, that's a Contradiction; there's no such thing as Villainy at Court. Indeed, if the Practice of Courts were found in a single Person, he might be styl'd Villan with a vengeance; but Number and Power authorizes every thing, and turns the Villain upon their Accusers. In short, Sir, every Man's Morals, like his Religion now-a-days,

pleads Liberty of Conscience ; every Man's Conscience is his Convenience, and we know no Convenience but Preferment.—As for instance, who would be so complaisant as to thank an Officer for his Courage, when that's the Condition of his Pay ? And who can be so ill-natur'd, as to blame a Courtier for espousing that which is the very Tenure of his Livelihood ?

Fire. A very good Argument in a very damnable Cause ;—But, Sir, my Business is not with the Court, but with you : I desire you, Sir, to open your Eyes ; at least, be pleas'd to lend an Ear to what I heard just now at the *Chocolate-House*.

Stand. Brother.—

Fire. Well, Sir.

Stand. Did the Scandal please you when you heard it ?

Fire. No.

Stand. Then why shou'd you think it shou'd please me ? Be not more uncharitable to your Friends than to your self, sweet Sir : If it made you uneasy, there's no question but it will torment me, who am so much nearer concern'd.

Fire. But wou'd you not be glad 'to know your Enemies ?

Stand. 'Pshaw ! If they abus'd me they are my Friends, my intimate Friends, my Table-Company, and Bottle-Companions.

Fire. Why then, Brother, the Devil take all your Acquaintance You were so rally'd, so torn ! there was a hundred Ranks of sneering white Teeth drawn upon your Misfortunes at once, which so mangled your Wife's Reputation, that she can never patch up her Honour while she lives.

Stand. And their Teeth were very white, you say.

Fire. Very white ; Blood, Sir, I say they mangled your Wife's Reputation.

Stand. And I say, that if they touch my Wife's Reputation with nothing but their Teeth, her Honour will be safe enough.

Fire. Then you won't hear it.

Stand.

the Sequel of the Trip to the Jubilee. 97

Stand. Not a Syllable. Lift'ning after Slander is laying Nets for Serpents, which, when you have caught, will sting you to Death: Let 'em spit their Venom among themselves, and it hurts no Body.

Fire. Lord! Lord! How Cuckoldom and Contentment go together! Fye, fye, Sir! consider you have been a Soldier, dignify'd by a noble Post; distinguish'd by brave Actions, and Honour to your Nation, and a Terror to your Enemies.—Hell! that a Man who has storm'd *Namur* shou'd become the Jest of a Coffee-Table — The whole House was clearly taken up with the two important Questions, whether the Collonel was a Cuckold? or *Kid* a Pyrate?

Stand. This I can't bear.

[*Aside.*

Fire. Ay, (says a sneering Coxcomb) the Collonel has made his Fortune with a Witness; he has secur'd himself a good Estate in this Life, and a Reverision in the World to come. Then (replies another) I presume he's oblig'd to your Lordship's Bounty for the latter part of the Settlement. There are others (says a third) that have play'd with my Lady *Lurewell* at Piquet, besides my Lord; I have capotted her my self two or three times in an Evening.

Stand. O Matrimonial Patience, assist me.

Fire. Matrimonial Patience! Matrimonial Pestilence! — Shake off these drowzy Chains that fetter your Resentments. If your Wife has wrong'd ye, pack her off, and let her Person be as publick as her Character: If she be honest, revenge her Quarrel. — I can stay no longer: This is my Hour of Attendance at the *Navy-Office*; I'll come and dine with you; in the mean time, Revenge! think on't.

[*Exit Fireball.*

Stand. [*Solus.*] How easy is it to give Advice, and how difficult to observe it! *If your Wife has wrong'd ye, pack her off.* Ay, but how? The Gospel drives the Matrimonial Nail, and the Law clinches it so very hard, that to draw it again wou'd tear the Work.

to pieces. — That her Intentions have wrong'd me, here's a young Bawd can witness.

Enter Parley, running cross the Stage.

Here, here, Mrs. Parley, Whither so fast?

Par. Oh Lord! my Master! — Sir, I was running to Mademoiselle Furbello, the French Milliner, for a new Burgundy for my Lady's Head.

Stand. No, Child, you're employ'd about an old fashion'd Garniture for your Master's Head, if I mistake not your Errand.

Par. Oh, Sir! there's the prettiest Fashion lately come over! so airy, so French, and all that! — The Pinners are double ruffled with twelve Plaits of a side, and open all from the Face; the Hair is frizled all up round the Head, and stands as stiff as a Bodkin. Then the Favourites hang loose upon the Temples with a languishing Lock in the Middle. Then the Caule is extremely wide, and over all is a Cornet rais'd very high, and all the Lappets behind. — I must fetch it presently.

Stand. Hold a little, Child, I must talke with you.

Par. Another time, Sir, my Lady stays for it.

Stand. One Question first: What Wages doth my Wife give you?

Par. Ten Pound a Year, Sir, which God knows is little enough, considering how I slave from Place to Place upon her Occasions. But then, Sir, my Perquisites are considerable; I make above two hundred Pounds a Year by her old Cloaths.

Stand. Two hundred Pounds a Year of her old Cloaths! What then must her New ones cost? — But what do you get by visiting Gallants, and Picquet?

Par. About a hundred Pound more.

Stand. A hundred Pound more! Now who can expect to find a Lady's Woman honest, when she gets so much by being a Jade? — What Religion are you of, Mrs. Parley!

Par. Religion, Sir! I can't tell.

Stand. What was your Father?

Par. A Mountebank.

Stand. Where was you born?

Par. In Holland.

Stand. Were you ever Christen'd?

Par. No.

Stand. How came that?

Par. My Parents were *Anabaptists*: they dy'd before I was dipt; I then forsook their Religion, and ha' got ne'er a new one since.

Stand. I'm very sorry, Madam, that I had not the Honour to know the Worth of your Extraction sooner, that I might have paid you the Respect due to your Quality.

Par. Sir, your humble Servant.

Stand. Have you any Principles?

Par. Five hundred.

Stand. Have you lost your Maidenhead? ———
[*She puts on her Masque, and nods.*] Do you love Money?

Par. Yaw, Mijn Heer.

Stand. Well, Mrs. Parley, now you have been so free with me, I tell you what you must trust to in return: Never to come near my House again. Be gone, Monster, fly, ——— Hell and Furies! never Christen'd! Her Father a Mountebank!

Par. Lord, Sir, you need not be so furious. Never Christen'd! What then? I may be a very good Christian for all that, I suppose. ——— Turn me off! Sir, you shan't. Meddle with your Fellows; tis my Lady's Business to order her Women.

Stand. Here's a young Whore for you now! A sweet Companion for my Wife! Where there's such a hellish Confident, there must be damnable Secrets. ——— Be gone, I say. ——— My Wife shall turn you away.

Par. Sir, she won't turn me away, she shan't turn me away, nor she can't turn me away. Sir, I say, she dare not turn me away.

Stand. Why, you Jade? Why?

Par. Because I'm the Mistress, not she.

Stand. You the Mistress !

Par. Yes, I know all her Secrets ; and let her offer to turn me off if she dares.

Stand. What Secrets do you know ?

Par. Humph ! ——— Tell a Wife's Secrets to her Husband ! ——— Very pretty, Faith ! ——— Sure, Sir, you don't think me such a *jew* : Tho' I was never Christen'd, I have more Religion than that comes to.

Stand. Are you faithful to your Lady for Affection, or Interest ?

Par. Shall I tell you a Christian Lie, or a Pagan Truth ?

Stand. Come, Truth for once.

Par. Why then, Interest, Interest ! I have a great Soul, which nothing can gain but a great Bribe.

Stand. Well, tho' thou art a Devil, thou art a very honest one ——— Give me thy Hand, Wench. Should not Interest make you faithful to me, as much as to others ?

Par. Honest to you ! Marry for what ? you gave me indeed two pitiful Pieces the Day you were marry'd, but not a Stiver since. One Gallant gives me Ten Guineas, another a Watch, another a pair of Pendants, a fourth a Diamond Ring ; and my noble Master gives me ——— his Linen to mend. ——— Faugh ! ——— I'll tell you a Secret, Sir : Stinginess to Servants makes more Cuckolds, than ill-nature to Wives.

Stand. And am I a Cuckold, *Parley* !

Par. No, faith not yet ; tho' in a very fair way of having the Dignity conferr'd upon you very suddenly.

Stand. Come, Girl, you shall be my Pensioner ; you shall have a glorious Revenue ; for every Guinea that you get for keeping a Secret, I'll give you two for revealing it : You shall find a Husband once in your Life out-do all your Gallants in Generosity. Take their Money, Child, take all their Bribes : give 'em Hopes ; make 'em Assignations ; serve your Lady faithfully, but tell all to me. By which means, she will be kept Chaste, you will grow Rich, and I shall preserve my Honour.

Par.

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Par. But what Security shall I have for Performance of Articles ?

Stand. Ready Payment, Child.

Par. Then give me Earnest.

Stand. Five Guineas, [Giving her Money.

Par. Are they right ? No *Gray's-Inn* Pieces amongst 'em.—All right as my Leg——Now, Sir, I'll give you an Earnest of my Service. Who d'ye think is come to Town ?

Stand. Who ?

Par. Your old Friend, Sir *Harry Wildair*.

Stand. Impossible ?

Par. Yes, faith, and as gay as ever.

Stand. And has he forgot his Wife so soon ?

Par. Why, she has been dead now above a Year,——He appear'd in the Ring last Night with such Splendor and Equipage, that he eclips'd the Beaux, dazel'd the Ladies, and made your Wife dream all Night of Six *Flanders* Mares, Seven *French* Liveries, a Wig like a Cloak, and a Hat like a Shittlecock.

Stand. What are a Woman's Promises and Oaths ?

Par. Wind, Wind, Sir.

Stand. When I marry'd her, how heartily did she condemn her light preceding Conduct, and for the future vow'd her self a perfect Pattern of Conjugal Fidelity !

Par. She might as safely swear, Sir, That this day se'night, at four a Clock, the Wind will blow fair for *Flanders*. 'Tis presuming for any of us all to promise for our Inclinations a whole Week. Besides, Sir, my Lady has got the knack of Coquetting it ; and when once a Woman has got that in her Head, she will have a touch on't every where else.

Stand. An Oracle, Child. But now I must make the best of a bad Bargain ; and since I have got you on my side, I have some Hopes, that by constant Disappointment and Crosses in her Designs, I may at last tire her into good Behaviour.

Par. Well, Sir, the Condition of the Articles being duly perform'd, I stand to the Obligation ; and will

will tell you farther, That by and by Sir *Harry Wildair* is to come to our House to Cards, and that there is a Design laid to cheat him of his Money.

Stand. What Company will there be besides ?

Par. Why, the old Set at the Basset-Table ; my Lady *Lovencards*, and the usual Company : They have made up a Bank of Fifteen Hundred *Louis d'Ors* among 'em ; the whole Design lies upon Sir *Harry's* Purse, and the *French Marquis*, you know, constantly *Taillés*.

Stand. Ay, the *French Marquis* ; that's one of your Benefactors, *Parley* ; — the Persecution of *Basset* in *Paris* furnish'd us with that *Refugee*, but the Character of such a Fellow ought not to reflect on those who have been real Sufferers for their Religion. — But take no notice. Be sure only to inform me of all that passes. — There's more Earnest for you : Be rich and faithful. [Exit *Standard*.]

Par. [*Solus.*] * I am now not only *Woman* to the Lady *Lurewell*, but *Steward* to her Husband, in my double Capacity of knowing *her* Secrets, and commanding his *Purse*. A very pretty Office in a Family ; For every *Guinea* that I get for keeping a Secret, he'll give me two for revealing it. — My comings in, at this rate, will be worth a Master in *Chancery's* Place, and many a poor *Templer* will be glad to marry me with half my Fortune.

Enter Dicky, meeting her.

Dick. Here's a Man much fitter for your purposes.

Par. Bless me ! Mr. *Dicky* !

Dick. The very same in Longitude and Latitude ! not a bit diminish'd, not a Hair's Breadth increas'd. — Dear Mrs. *Parley*, give me a Buss, for I'm almost starv'd.

Par. Why so hungry, Mr. *Dicky* ?

Dick. Why, I ha'n't tasted a bit this Year and half, *Woman* ? I have been wandering about all over the World, following my Master, and come home to dear *London* but two Days ago. Now the Devil take me,

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me, if I had not rather kiss an *English* pair of Pattins, than the finest Lady in *France*.

Par. Then you're over-joy'd to see *London* again?

Dick. Oh! I was just dead of a Consumption, till the sweet Smoke of *Cheapside*, and the dear Perfume of *Fleet-Ditch*, made me a Man again.

Par. But how came you to live with Sir *Harry Wildair*?

Dick. Why, seeing me a handsome Personable Fellow, and well qualify'd for a Livery, he took a Fancy to my Figure, that was all.

Par. And what's become of your old Master?

Dick. O! hang him, he was a Blockhead, and I turn'd him off, I turn'd him away.

Par. And were not you very sorry for the Loss of your Mistress, Sir *Harry's* Lady? They say, she was a very good Woman.

Dick. Oh! the sweetest Woman that ever the Sun shin'd upon. I cou'd almost weep when I think of her.

[*Wiping his Eyes.*]

Par. How did she die, pray? I cou'd never hear how 'twas.

Dick. Give me a Buss then, and I'll tell ye.

Par. You shall have your Wages when your Work's done.

Dick. Well then ——— Courage! — Now for a doleful Tale ——— You know that my Master took a freak to go see that foolish *Jubilee* that made such a Noise among us here; and no sooner said than done; away he went; he took his fine *French* Servants to wait on him, and left me, the poor *English* Puppy, to wait upon his Lady at home here. ——— Well, so far, so good ——— But scarce was my Master's back turn'd, when my Lady fell to sighing, and pouting, and whining, and crying; and in short fell sick upon't.

Par. Well, well, I know all this already; and that she pluck'd up her Spirits at last, and went to follow him.

Dick. Very well. Follow him we did, far and far, and farther than I can tell, till we came to a place call'd

Monk-

Montpellier, in France ; a goodly Place truly.—But, Sir Harry was gone to Rome ; there was our Labour lost.—But, to be short, my poor Lady, with the Tiresomness of Travelling, fell sick —— and dy'd.

Par. Poor Woman !

Dick. Ay, but that was not all. Here comes the worst of the Story.—Those cursed barbarous Devils, the *French*, wou'd not let us bury her.

Par. Not bury her !

Dick. No, she was a Heretick Woman, and they wou'd not let her Corps be put in their holy Ground —— Oh ! damn their holy Ground for me.

Par. Now had not I better be an honest Pagan, as I am, than such a Christian as one of these ? —— But how did you dispose the Body ?

Dick. Why, there was one Charitable Gentlewoman that us'd to visit my Lady in her Sickness : She contriv'd the matter so, that she had her bury'd in her own private Chappel. This Lady and my self carried her out upon our own Shoulders, through a Back-door at the Hour of Midnight, and laid her in a Grave that I dug for her with my own Hands ; and if we had been catch'd by the Priests, we had gone to the Gallows without the Benefit of Clergy.

Par. Oh ! the Devil take 'em. But what did they mean by a Heretick Woman ?

Dick. I don't know ; some sort of a *Canibal*, I believe. I know there are some *Canibal* Women here in *England*, that come to the Play-houses in Masques ; but let them have a care how they go to *France*. (For they are all Hereticks, I believe.) But I'm sure my good Lady was none of these.

Par. But how did Sir Harry bear the News ?

Dick. Why, you must know, that my Lady, after she was bury'd sent me——

Par. How ! after she was bury'd !

Dick. 'Pshaw ! Why Lord, Mistress, you know what I mean ; I went to Sir Harry all the way to Rome ; and where d'ye think I found him ?

Par. Where ?

Dick.

Dick. Why, in the middle of a Monastery among a hundred and fifty Nuns, playing at Hot-cockles. He was surpriz'd to see honest *Dicky*, you may be sure. But when I told him the sad Story, he roar'd out a whole Volley of *English* Oaths upon the Spot, and swore that he would set Fire on the Pope's Palace for the Injury done to his Wife. He then flew away to his Chamber, lock'd himself up for three Days; we thought to have found him dead; but instead of that, he call'd for his best Linen, fine Wig, gilt Coach; and laughing very heartily, swore again he wou'd be reveng'd, and bid them drive to the Nunnery; and he was reveng'd to some purpose.

Par. How, how, dear Mr. *Dicky*?

Dick. Why, in a matter of five Days he got six Nuns with Child, and left 'em to provide for their Heretick Bastards —— Ah plague on 'em, they hate a dead Heretick, but they love a piping-hot warm Heretick with all their Hearts. —— So away we came; and thus did he jog on, revenging himself at this rate through all the Catholick Countries that we pass'd, till we came home; and now, Mrs. *Parley*, I fancy he has some Designs of Revenge too upon your Lady.

Par. Who cou'd have thought that a Man of his light airy Temper wou'd have been so revengeful?

Dick. Why, faith, I'm a little malicious too: Where's the Buss you promis'd me, you Jade?

Par. Follow me, you Rogue.

[*Runs off.*

Dick. Allons.

[*Follows.*

The End of the First ACT.

A C T.

A C T II.

S C E N E, *A Lady's Apartment.**Enter two Chamber-maids.*

1 *Cham.* **A**RE all things set in order ? The Toilet fix'd, the Bottles and Combs put in Form, and the Chocolate ready ?

2 *Cham.* 'Tis no great matter whether they be right or not ; for right or wrong we shall be sure of our Lecture ; I wish for my part that my time were out.

1 *Cham.* Nay, 'tis a hundred to one but we may run away before our time be half expir'd ; and she's worse this Morning than ever. — Here she comes.

Enter Lurewell.

Lure. Ay, there's a couple of you indeed ! But how, how in the Name of Negligence cou'd you two contrive to make a Bed as mine was last Night ; A Wrinkle on one side, and a Rumble on t'other ; the Pillows awry, and the Quilt askew. — I did nothing but tumble about, and fence with the Sheets all Night long. — Oh ! — my Bones ache this Morning as if I had lain all Night on a pair of *Dutch Stairs* — Go bring Chocolate. — And, d'ye hear ? Be sure to stay an Hour or two at least. — Well ! These *English* Animals are so unpolish'd ! I wish the Persecution would rage a little harder, that we might have more of these *French Refugees* among us.

Enter the Maids with Chocolate.

These Wenches are gone to *Smyrna* for this Chocolate. — And what made you stay so long ?

Cham. I thought we did not stay at all, Madam.

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Lure. Only an Hour and half by the slowest Clock in *Christendom*—And such Salvors and Dishes too! The Lord be merciful to me! what have I committed, to be plagu'd with such Animals?—Where are my new Japan Salvors?—Broke, o' my Conscience! All to pieces, I'll lay my Life on't.

Cham. No, indeed, Madam, but your Husband—

Lure. How? Husband, Impudence! I'll teach you Manners. [*Gives her a Box on the Ear.*] Husband! Is that your *Welsh* Breeding? Ha'n't the Coll. a Name of his own?

Cham. Well then, the Coll. He us'd 'em this Morning, and we ha'n't got 'em since.

Lure. How, the Coll. use my Things! How dare the Coll. use any thing of mine?—But his Campaign Education must be pardon'd----And I warrant they were fisted about among his dirty Levee of Disbanded Officers?-----Faugh! The very Thoughts of them Fellows with their eager Looks, Iron Swords, ty'd-up Wigs, and tuck'd-in Cravats make me sick as Death—Come, let me see.—[*Goes to take the Chocolate, and starts back.*] Heav'n's protect me from such a Sight! Lord, Girl! When did you wash your Hands last? And have you been pawing me all this Morning with them dirty Fists of yours? [*Runs to the Glass*]—I must dress all over again—Go, take it away, I shall swoon else.—Here, Mrs. Monster, call up my Taylor; and d'ye hear? You, Mrs. Hobbyhorse, see if my Company be come to Cards yet.

Enter the Taylor.

Oh, Mr. *Remnant*! I don't know what ails these Stays you have made me; but something is the matter, I don't like 'em.

Rem. I am very sorry for that, Madam. But what Fault does your Ladyship find?

Lure. I don't know where the Fault lies; but in short I don't like 'em; I can't tell how; the things are well enough made, but I don't like 'em.

Rem.

Rem. Are they too wide, Madam?

Lure. No.

Rem. Too straight, perhaps.

Lure. Not at all ! they fit me very well ; but ———
Lard bless me ; Can't you tell where the Fault lies?

Rem. Why truly, Madam, I can't tell? ——— But
your Ladyship, I think, is a little too slender for the
Fashion.

Lure. How ! too slender for the Fashion, say
you?

Rem. Yes, Madam ! there's no such thing as a
good Shape worn among the Quality : Your fine
Wastes are clear out, Madam.

Lure. And why did not you plump up my Stays
to the fashionable Size?

Rem. I made 'em to fit you, Madam.

Lure. Fit me ! fit my Monkey—What d'ye think
I wear Cloaths to please my self ! Fit me ! fit the Fa-
shion, pray ; no matter for me ——— I thought some-
thing was the matter, I wanted Quality-Air. ———
Pray, Mr. *Remnant*, let me have a Bulk of Quality, a
spreading Counter. I do remember now, the La-
dies in the Apartments, the Birth-Night, were most
of 'em two Yards about. ——— Indeed, Sir, if you con-
trive my things any more with your scanty Cham-
bermaid's Air, you shall work no more for me.

Rem. I shall take care to please your Ladyship for
the future. [Exit.

Enter a Servant.

Ser. Madam, my Master desires ———

Lure. Hold, hold, Fellow ; for Gad's sake hold ;
If thou touch my Cloaths with that Tobacco Breath
of thine, I shall poyson the whole Drawing-Room.
Stand at the Door pray, and speak.

[*Ser. goes to the Door and speaks.*

Ser. My Master, Madam, desires ———

Lure. Oh hideous ! Now the Rascal bellows so
loud, that he tears my Head to pieces. ——— Here,
Aukwardness, go take the Booby's Message, and bring
it to me, [*Maid goes to the Door, whispers and returns.*

Clam.

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Cham. My Master desires to know how your Ladyship rested last Night, and if you are pleas'd to admit of a Visit this Morning?

Lure. Ay ——— Why this is civil ——— 'Tis an insupportable Toil tho' for Women of Quality to model their Husbands to good Breeding,

Enter Standard.

Stand. Good morrow, dearest Angel. How have you rested last Night?

Lure. Lard, Lard, Coll! What a Room have you made me here with your dirty Feet! Bless me, Sir! Will you never be reclaim'd from your slovenly Campaign Airs? 'Tis the most unmannerly thing in Nature to make a sliding Bow in a Lady's Chamber with dirty Shoes; it writes Rudeness upon the Boards.

Stand. A very odd kind of Reception this, truly. ——— I'm very sorry, Madam, that the Offences of my Feet should create an Aversion to my Company: But for the future I shall honour your Ladyship's Apartment as the Sepulchre at *Jerusalem*, and always come in-bare-foot,

Lure. Sepulchre at *Jerusalem*! Your Complement, Sir, is very far-fetch'd: But your Feet indeed have a very travelling Air.

Stand. Come, come, my Dear, no serious Disputes upon Trifles, since you know I never contend with you in Matters of Consequence. You are still Mistress of your Fortune, and Marriage has only made you more absolute in your Pleasure, by adding one faithful Servant to your Desires. ——— Come, clear your Brow of that uneasy Chagrin, and let that pleasing Air take place that first ensnar'd my Heart. I have invited some Gentlemen to Dinner, whose Friendships deserve a welcome Look. Let their Entertainment shew how bless'd you have made me by a plentiful Fortune, and the Love of so agreeable a Creature.

Lure. Your Friends, I suppose, are all Men of Quality.

Stand.

Stand. Madam, they are Officers, and Men of Honour.

Lure. Officers, and Men of Honour ! That is, they will daub the Stairs with their Feet, stain all the Rooms with their Wine, talk Bawdy to my Woman, rail at the Parliament, then at one another, fall to cutting of Throats, and break all my China.

Stand. Admitting that I kept such Company ; 'tis unkind in you, Madam, to talk so severely of my Friends——But my Brother, my Dear, is just come from his Voyage, and will be here to pay his Respects to you.

Lure. Sir, I shall not be at leisure to entertain a Person of his *Wapping* Education, I can assure you.

Enter Parly, and whispers her.

Sir, I have some Business with my Woman ; you may entertain your Sea-monster by your self ; you may command a Dish of Pork and Pease, with a Bowl of Punch, I suppose ; and so Sir, much good may do you.---Come, *Parly*. [*Exeunt Lure. and Par.*]

Stand. Hell and Furies !

Enter Fireball.

Fire. With all my Heart.-----Where's your Wife, Brother?----Ho' now Man, what's the matter?---Is Dinner ready ?

Stand. No.-----I don't know---Hang it, I'm sorry that I invited you:-----For you must know that my Wife is very much out of Order ; taken dangerous ill of a sudden.-----So that-----

Fire. 'Pshaw ! Nothing, nothing but a Marriage Qualm ; breeding Children or breeding Mischief ? Where is she, Man ? Pristhee let me see her ; I long to see this fine Lady you have got.

Stand. Upon my word she's very ill, and can't see any Body.

Fire. So ill that she can't see any Body ! What, she's not in Labour sure ! I tell you, I will see her.-----Where is she ?

[*Looking about.*
Stand.

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Stand. No, no, Brother; she's gone abroad to take the Air.

Fire. What the Devil! dangerous sick, and gone out! So sick, that she'll see no body within, yet gone abroad to see all the World!-----Ay, you have made your Fortunes with a Vengeance!-----Then, Brother, you shall dine with me at *Locker's*; I hate these Family-Dinners, where a Man's oblig'd to, O Lard, Madam; no Apology, dear Sir-----'Tis very good indeed, Madam.-----For your self, dear Madam.-----Where between the rubb'd Floor under-foot, the China in one Corner, and the Glasses in another, a Man can't make two strides without hazard of his Life. Commend me to a Boy and a Bell; Coming, coming, Sir. Much Noise, no Attendance, and a dirty Room, where I may eat like a Horse, drink like a Fish, and swear like a Devil. Hang your Family Dinners; come along with me.

As they are going out, enter Banter; who seeing them, seems to retire.

Stand. Who's that? Come in, Sir. Your Business, pray Sir?

Bant. Perhaps, Sir, it may not be so proper to inform you; for you appear to be as great a Stranger here as my self.

Fire. Come, come away, Brother; he has some Business with your Wife.

Ban. His Wife! Gad so! A pretty Fellow, a very pretty Fellow, a likely Fellow, and a handsome Fellow; I find nothing like a Monster about him; I wou'd fain see his Forehead tho'----- Sir, your humble Servant.

Stand. Your's, Sir.-----But why d'ye stare so in my Face?

Ban. I was told, Sir, that the Lady *Lurewell's* Husband had something very remarkable over his Eyes, by which he might be known.

Fire. Mark that, Brother.

[*In his Ear.*

Stand.

Stand. Your Information, Sir, was right ; I have a cross Cut over my left Eye that's very remarkable. — But pray, Sir, by what Marks are you to be known

Ban. Sir, I am dignify'd and distinguish'd by the Name and Title of *Beau Banter* ; I'm younger Brother to Sir *Harry Wildair* ; and I hope to inherit his Estate with his Humour, for his Wife, I'm told, is dead, and has left no Child.

Stand. Oh, Sir ! I'm your very humble Servant ; you're not unlike your Brother in the Face ; but methinks, Sir, you don't become his Humour altogether so well ; for what's Nature in him looks like Affectation in you.

Ban. Oh, Lord, Sir ! 'tis rather Nature in me, what is acquir'd by him ; he's beholding to his Education for his Air : Now where d'ye think my Humour was establish'd ?

Stand. Where ?

Ban. At Oxford.

Stand. } At Oxford !
Fire. }

Ban. Ay : There have I been sucking my dear *Alma Mater* these seven Years : Yet in defiance to Legs of Mutton, small Beer, crabbed Books, and four-fac'd Doctors, I can dance a Minuet, court a Mistress, play at Piquet, or make a Paroli, with any *Wildair* in *Christendom*. In short, Sir, in spite of the University, I'm a pretty Gentleman. — Colonel, where's your Wife ?

Fire. [*Mimicking him.*] In spite of the University, I'm a pretty Gentleman. — Then, *Collonel*, where is your Wife ? — Hark ye, young *Plato*, Whether wou'd you have your Nose slit, or your Ears cut ?

Ban. First tell me, Sir, which would you chuse, to be run through the Body, or shot through the Head ?

Fire. Follow me, and I'll tell ye.

Ban. Sir, my Servants shall attend ye, if you have no Equipage of your own.

Fire.

Fire. Blood, Sir!

Stand. Hold, Brother, hold; he's a Boy.

Ban. Look ye, Sir, I keep half a dozen Footmen that have no Business upon Earth but to answer impertinent Questions: Now, Sir, if your fighting Stomach can digest these six brawny Fellows for a Breakfast, their Master, perhaps, may do you the Favour to run you through the Body for a Dinner.

Fire. Sirrah, will you fight me? I receiv'd just now six Month's Pay, and by this Light, I'll give you the half on't for one fair Blow at your Skull.

Ban. Down with your Money, Sir.

Stand. No, no, Brother; if you are to free of your Pay, get into the next Room: there you'll find some Company at Cards, I suppose: you may find Opportunity for your Revenge; my House protects him now.

Fire. Well, Sir, the time will come.

[*Exit.*]

Ban. Well said, Brazen-head.

Stand. I hope, Sir, you'll excuse the Freedom of this Gentleman; his Education has been among the boisterous Elements, the Wind and Waves.

Ban. Sir, I value neither him, nor his Wind and Waves neither; I'm privileg'd to be very impertinent, being an *Oxonian*, and oblig'd to fight no Man, being a *Beau*.

Stand. Sir, I admire the Freedom of your Condition.—But pray, Sir, have you seen your Brother since he came last over?

Ban. I ha'n't seen my Brother these seven Years, and scarcely heard from him but by report of others. About a Month ago he was pleas'd to honour me with a Letter from *Paris*, importing his Design of being in *London* very soon, with a Desire of meeting me here. Upon this, I chang'd my Cap and Gown for a long Wig and Sword, and came up to *London* to attend him, went to his House, but that was all in Sables for the Death of his Wife; there I was told that he design'd to change his Habitation, because he wou'd avoid all Remembrances that might disturb his

K

Quiet,

Quiet. You are the first Person that has told me of his Arrival, and I expect that you may likewise inform me where to wait on him.

Stand. And I suppose, Sir, this was the Business that occasion'd me the Honour of this Visit.

Ban. Partly this, and partly an Affair of greater Consequence. You must know, Sir, that tho' I have read ten thousand Lies in the University, yet I have learn'd to speak the Truth my self; and to deal plainly with you, the Honour of this Visit, as you were pleas'd to term it, was design'd to the Lady *Lurewell*.

Stand. My Wife, Sir!

Ban. My Lady *Lurewell*, I say, Sir.

Stand. But I say, my Wife, Sir.——What!

Ban. Why, look ye, Sir; you may have the Honour of being call'd the Lady *Lurewell's* Husband; but you will never find in any Author, either ancient or modern, that she's call'd Mr. *Standard's* Wife. 'Tis true, you're a handsome young Fellow: she lik'd you, she marry'd you; and tho' the Priest made you both one Flesh, yet there's no small Distinction in your Blood. You are still a disbanded Collonel, and she is still a Woman of Quality, I take it.

Stand. And you are the most impudent young Fellow I ever met with in all my Life, I take it.

Ban. Sir, I'm a Master of Arts, and I plead the privilege of my standing.

Enter a Servant and whispers Banter.

Ser. Sir, the Gentleman in the Coach below, says, he'll be gone unless you come presently.

Ban. I had forgot——Coll. your humble Servant.

[*Exit.*

Stand. Sir, you must excuse me for not waiting on you down Stairs.——An impudent young Dog.

[*Exit another way.*

SCENE

SCENE changes to another Apartment in the same House.

Enter Lurewell, Ladies, Monf. Marquis and Fireball, as losing Gamesters, one after another, tearing their Cards, and flinging 'em about the Room.

Lure. Ruin'd ! Undone ! Destroy'd !

1 La. Oh Fortune ! Fortune ! Fortune !

2 La. What will my Husband say ?

Monf. Oh *Malheur ! malheur ! malheur !*

Fire. Blood and Fire, I have lost six Months Pay.

Monf. A hundred and ten Pistoles, sink me.

Fire. Sink you ! sink me, that have lost two hundred and ten Pistoles. — Sink you indeed !

Lure. But why wou'd you hazard the Bank upon one Card ?

Monf. Because me had lose by de Card tree times before. — Look, dere Madam, de very next Card had been out. Oh *Morbleu ! qui sa ?*

Lure. I rely'd altogether on your setting the Cards ; you us'd to *Taileé* with Success.

Monf. *Morbleu*, Madam, me nevre lose before ; But dat Monlieur Sir *Arry*, dat Chevalier *Wildair* is de Devil — Vere is de Chevalier ?

Lure. Counting our Money within yonder. — Go, go, be gone ; and bethink your self of some Revenge. — Here he comes.

Enter Wildair.

Wild. Fifteen hundred and seventy *Louis d'Ors* ! — Tall dall de rall [*Sings*] Look ye, Gentlemen, any body may dance to this Tune ; — Tall dall de rall. I dance to the Tune of fifteen hundred Pound, the most elevated Piece of Musick that ever I heard in my Life ; they are the prettiest Castagnets in the World. [*Chinks the Money.*] Here, Waiters, there's Cards and Candles for you. [*Gives the Servants Money.*] Mrs. Parley — here's Hoods and Scarfs for you : [*Gives her Money.*] And here's fine Coaches, splendid Equipage,

lovely Women, and victorious *Burgundy* for me.—
Oh ye charming Angels ! the Losers sorrow, and the
Gainers joy : Get ye into my Pocket.—Now, Gen-
tlemen and Ladies, I am your humble Servant—
You'll excuse me, I hope ; the small Devotion here
that I pay to my good Fortune ——— Ho'now !
Mute ! ——— Why, Ladies, I know that Losers have
leave to speak ; but I don't find that they're privileg'd
to be dumb.——— *Monsieur ! Ladies ! Captain !*

Claps the Captain on the Shoulder.

Fire. Death and Hell ! Why d'ye strike me, Sir ?

[Drawing

Wild. To comfort you, Sir.—Your Ear, Capt.—
The king of *Spain* is dead.

Fire. The King of *Spain* dead !

Wild. Dead as *Julius Caesar* ; I had a Letter on't
just now.

Fire. Tall dall de rall [*sings.*] Look ye, Sir, pray
strike me again if you please.—See here, Sir, you
have left me but one solitary Guinea in the World.

[Puts it in his Mouth.

Down it goes i'faith.—Allons for the *Thatch'd*
House and the *Mediterranean*.——Tall dall de rall.

[Exit.

Wild. Ha, ha, ha.—Bravely resolv'd, Captain.

Lure. Bless me, Sir *Harry* ! I was afraid of a Quar-
rel. I'm so much concern'd !

Wild. At the loss of your Money, Madam. But why,
why should the Fair be afflicted ? Your Eyes, your
Eyes, Ladies, much brighter than the Sun, have equal
Power with him, and can transform to Gold what-
e'er they please. The Lawyer's Tongue, the Sol-
dier's Sword, the Courtier's Flattery, and the Mer-
chant's Trade, are Slaves that dig the Golden Mines
for you. Your Eyes untie the Miser's knotted Purse.
[*To one Lady.*] Melt into Coin the Magistrate's massy
Chain.—Youth mints for you Hereditary Lands.
[*To another.*]——And Gamesters only win when they
can lose to you. [*To Lurewell.*]——This Luck is
the most Rhetorical thing in Nature.

Lure.

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Lure. I have a great mind to forswear Cards as long as I live.

1. *La.* And I.

[*Exit.*

2. *La.* And I.

[*Crying, and Exit.*

Wild. What, forswear Cards! Why, Madam you'll ruin our Trade.— I'll maintain, that the Money at Court circulates more by the Basset-Bank, than the Wealth of the Merchants by the Bank of the City. Cards! the great Ministers of Fortune's Power, that blindly shuffle out her thoughtless Favours, and make a Knave more powerful than a King.— What Adoration do these Pow'rs receive [*Lifting up a Card.*] from the the bright Hands and Fingers of the Fair, always lift up to pay Devotion here! And the pleasing Fears, the anxious Hopes, and dubious Joy that entertain our Mind! The Capot at Piquet, the Paroli at Basset; ——— And then Ombre! Who can resist the Charms of Mattadors?

Lure. Ay, Sir Harry; and then the *Sept le Va*, *Quinze le Va*, & *Trante le Va*!

Wild. Right, right, Madam.

Lure. Then the Nine of Diamonds at Comet, three Fives at Cribbage, and Pam in Lanteraloo, Sir Harry!

Wild. Ay, Madam, these are Charms indeed.— Then the pleasure of picking our Husband's Pocket over-night, to play at Basset next Day! Then the Advantage a fine Gentleman may make of a Lady's Necessity, by gaining a Favour for fifty Pistoles, which a hundred Years Courtship cou'd never have produc'd.

Lure. Nay, nay, Sir Harry, that's foul play.

Wild. Nay, nay, Madam, 'tis nothing but the Game; and I have play'd it so in *France* a hundred times.

Lure. Come, come, Sir, no more on't. I'll tell you in three Words, that rather than forego my Cards, I'll forswear my Visits, Fashions, my Monkey, Friends and Relations.

Wild. There spoke the Spirit of true-born *English* Women of Quality, with a true *French* Education.

Lure. Look ye, Sir Harry, I am well born, and I was well bred ; I brought my Husband a large Fortune ; he shall mortgage, or I will elope.

Wild. No, no, Madam ! there's no occasion for that ; See here, Madam !

Lure. What, the singing Birds ; Sir Harry, let me see.

Wild. Pugh, Madam, these are but a few. ——— But I cou'd wish, *de tout mon cœur*, for quelque *Commodité*, where I might be handsomely plunder'd of 'em.

Lure. Ah ! *Chevalier ! tous jour obligeant, engageant, & tout sa* ———

Wild. *Allens, Allons, Madam, tout à votre service.* [Pulls her.

Lure. No, no, Sir Harry, not at this time o'day ; you shall hear from me in the Evening.

Wild. Then, Madam, I'll leave you something to entertain you the while. 'Tis a *French Pocket-book*, with some Remarks of my own upon the new way of making Love. Please to peruse it, and give me your Opinion in the Evening. [Exit.

Lure. [Opening the Book.] A *French Pocket-book*, with Remarks upon the new way of making Love ! Then Sir Harry is turning Author, I find.—What's here?——Hi, hi, hi. A Bank Bill for a hundred Pound.——The new way of making Love!——*Pardie cét fort Gallant*——One of the prettiest Remarks that ever I saw in my Life ! Well now, that *Wildair's* a charming Fellow ;—Hi, hi, hi, —— He has such an Air, and such a Turn in what he does ! I warrant now there's a hundred home-bred Block-heads wou'd come,—Madam, I'll give you a hundred Guineas if you'll let me.—Faugh ! hang their nauseous immodest Proceedings.——Here's a hundred Pound now, and he never names the thing ; I love an impudent Action with an Air of Modesty with all my Heart. [Exit.

The End of the Second ACT.

A C T.

ACT III.

SCENE continues.

Lurewel and Monsieur Marquis.

Lure. **W**ELL, *Monsieur*, and have you thought how to retaliate your ill Fortune?

Monf. Madam, I have tought dat Fortune be one blind Bitch. Why shou'd Fortune be kinder to de Anglis Chevalier dan to de France Marquis? Ave I not be bon Grace? Ave not I de Personage! Ave I not de Understanding? Can de Anglis Chevalier dance better dan I? Can de Anglis Chevalier fence better dan I? Can de Anglis Chevalier play Basset better than I? Den why should Fortune be kinder to de Anglis Chevalier dan de France Marquis?

Lure. Why? Because Fortune is blind.

Monf. Blind! Yes begar, and dum and deaf too,—Vell den, Fortune give de Anglis Man de Riches, but Nature give de France Man de Politique to correct de unequal Distribution.

Lure. But how can you correct it, *Monsieur*?

Monf. Ecoute, Madam. Sir *Arry Wildair* his Wife be dead.

Lure. And what Advantage can you make of that?

Monf. Begar, Madam.—Hi, hi, hi.——De Anglis-man's dead Wife fall Cuckold her Usband!

Lure. How, how, Sir, a dead Woman Cuckold her Husband!

Monf. Mark! Madam: We France-men make de distinction between de design and de term of de Treaty.——She canno touch his Head, but she can Cuckold his Pocket of ten tousan Livres.

Lure. Pray explain your self, Sir.

Monf. I ave Sir *Arry Wildair* his Wife in my Pocket.

Lure. How! Sir *Harry's* Wife in your Pocket!

Monf. Hold, Madam, dere is an autre distinction between de Design and de Term of de Treaty.

Lure. Pray, Sir, no more of your Distinctions, but speak plain.

Monf. Wen de France-man's Politique is in his Head, dere is noting but distinction upon his Tongue. — See here, Madam! I ave de Picture of Sir *Arry's* Wife in my Pocket.

Lure. Is't possible ?

Monf. Voyez.

Lure. The very same, and finely drawn, Pray, *Monsieur*, how did you purchase it?

Monf. As me did purchase de Picture, so me did gain de Substance, de dear, dear Substance, by de bon mien, de France Air, chatant, charmant, de Politique à la Tate, and dançant à la Pie.

Lure. Lard blefs me! How cunningly some Women can play the Rogue! Ah! have I found it out! Now, as I hope for Mercy, I am glad on't. I hate to have any Woman more virtuous than my self. — Here was such a work with my Lady *Wildair's* Piety! my Lady *Wildair's* Conduct! and my Lady *Wildair's* Fidelity, forsooth! Now, dear *Monsieur*, you have infallibly told me the best News that I ever heard in my Life. Well, and she was but one of us! heh!

Monf. Oh, Madam! me no tell Tale, me no scandalize de Dead; de Picture be dumb, de Picture say noting.

Lure. Come, come, Sir, no more Distinctions; I'm sure it was so. I wou'd have given the World for such a Story of her while she was living. She was charitable, forsooth! and she was devout, forsooth! and every body was twitted i'th' Teeth with my Lady *Wildair's* Reputation: And why don't you mark her Behaviour, and her Discretion? She goes to Church twice a day. — Ah! I hate these Congregation-Women. There's such a fuss, and such a clutter about their Devotion, that it makes more noise than all the Bells in the Parish — Well, but what Advantage can you make now of the Picture?

Monf. De Advantage of ten tousan Livres, par-de. — *Attendez vous*, Madam. Dis Lady she d●

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die at *Montpelier* in *France*; I ave de Broder in dat City dat write me one Account dat she dye in dat City, and dat she send me dis Picture as a Legacy, wid a tousan base mains to de dear Marquis, de charmant Marquis, mon cœur le Marquis.

Lure. Ay, here was Devotion! here was Discretion! here was Fidelity! Mon cœur le Marquis! Ha, ha, ha, ——— Well, but how will this procure the Money?

Monf. Now, Madam, for de France Politique.

Lure. Ay, what is the *French* Politick.

Monf. Never to tell a Secret to a Voman. ———

Madam, *je suis vôtre serviteur.*

[Runs off.]

Lure. Hold, hold, Sir, we sha'n't part so; I wilt have it.

[Follows.]

Enter Standard and Fireball.

Fire. Hah! Look! Look! Look you there, Brother! See how they Coquet it! Oh! There's a Look! there's a Simper! there's a Squeeze for you! Ay, now the Marquis is at it. *Mon cœur, may foy, pardie, allons:* Don't you see how the *French* Rogue has the Head, and the Feet, and the Hands, and the Tongue, all going together?

Stand. [Walking in Disorder.] Where's my Reason? Where's my Philosophy? Where's my Religion now?

Fire. I'll tell you where they are, in your Forehead, Sir, ——— Blood! I say, Revenge.

Stand. But how, dear Brother?

Fire. Why stab him, stab him now. — *Italian* him, *Spaniard* him, I say.

Stand. Stab him! Why Cuckoldom's a Hydra that bears a thousand Heads; and tho' I should cut this one off, the Monster still wou'd sprout. Must I murder all the Fops in the Nation? and to save my Head from Horns, expose my Neck to the Halter?

Fire. 'Sdeath, Sir, can't you kick and cuff? ——— Kick one.

Stand. Cane another.

Fire. Cut off the Ears of a third.

Stand. Slit the Nose of a fourth.

Fire. Tear Crevats.

Stand. Burn Perukes.

Fire. Shoot their Coach-horses.

Stand. A noble Plot.—But now it's laid, how shall we put it in Execution? for not one of these *Fellows* flirts about without his Guard du Corps. Then they're stout as Heroes; for I can assure you, that a Beau with six Footmen shall fight you any Gentleman in *Christendom*.

Enter Servant.

Ser. Sir, here's Mr. *Clincher* below, who begs the Honour to kiss your Hand.

Stand. Ay, why here's another Beau.

Fire. Let him come, let him come; I'll shew you how to manage a Beau presently.

Stand. Hold, hold, Sir; this is a simple inoffensive Fellow, that will rather make us Diversion.

Fire. Diversion! Ay. Why, I'll knock him down for Diversion.

Stand. No, no; prithee be quiet; I gave him a fusseit of Intriguing some Months ago before I was marry'd——Here, bid him come up. He's worth your Acquaintance, Brother.

Fire. My Acquaintance! What is he?

Stand. A Fellow of a strange Weathercock Head, very hard, but as light as the Wind; constantly full of the Times, and never fails to pick up some Humour or other out of the publick Revolutions, that proves diverting enough. Some time ago he had got the Travelling Maggot in his Head, and was going to the *Jubilee* upon all Occasions; but lately, since the new Revolution in *Europe*, another Spirit has possess'd him, and he runs stark mad after News and Politicks.

Enter Clincher.

Clin. News, News, Coll. great—Eh! what's this Fellow? Methinks he has a kind of suspicious Air.
——Your Ear, Coll.——The Pope's dead.

Stand.

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Stand. Where did you hear it?

Clin. I read it in the publick News. [*Whispering.*

Stand. Ha, ha, ha. ——— And why d'ye whisper it for a Secret?

Clin. Odso! Faith that's true — But that Fellow there; what is he?

Stand. My Brother *Fireball*, just come home from the *Balrick*.

Clin. Odso! Noble Captain, I'm your most humble and obedient Servant, from the Poop to the Fore-castle. ——— Nay, a Kiss o't'other side, pray. — Now, dear Captain, tell us the News. ——— Odso! I'm so pleas'd I have met you! Well, the News, dear Captain--- You sail'd a brave Squadron of Men of War to the *Balrick*. ——— Well, and what then? eh!

Fire. Why then ——— we came back again.

Clin. Did you, faith? ——— Foolish! foolish! very foolish! a right Sea Captain ——— But what did you do? How did you fight? What Storms did you meet? And what Whales did you see?

Fire. We had a violent Storm off the Coast of *Jutland*.

Clin. *Jutland*! Ay, that's part of *Portugal*, ——— Well, and so; ——— you enter'd the *Sound*; ——— and you maul'd *Copenhagen*, 'faith. ——— And then that pretty, dear, sweet, pretty King of *Sweden*! What sort of Man is he, pray?

Fire. Why, tall and slender.

Clin. Tall and slender! Much about my pitch? Heh!

Fire. Not so gross, not altogether so low.

Clin. No! I'm sorry for't; very sorry, indeed: --- [*Here Parley enters and stands at the Door; Clincher beckons her with his Hands behind, going backwards, and speaking to her and the Gentlemen by turns.*] Well, and what more? And so you bombarded *Copenhagen*, ——— (Mrs. Parley) ——— Whiz, slap went the Bombs. (Mrs. Parley) --- And so --- Well, not altogether so gross, you say --- (Here's a Letter, you Jade.) --- Very tall, you say? Is the King very tall? --- Here's

a Guinea, you Jade.)——[*She takes the Letter, and the Coll. observes him.*] Hem! hem! Coll. I'm mightily troubled with the Ptylick of late.----Hem! hem! A strange Stoppage of my Breast here. Hem! But now it is off again.—— Well, but Captain, you tell us no News at all.

Fire. I tell you one piece that all the World knows, and still you are a stranger to it.

Clin. Bless me! What can this be?

Fire. That you are a Fool.

C'in. Eh! Witty, witty Sea Captain. Odsso! And I wonder, Captain, that your Understanding did not split your Ship to pieces.

Fire. Why so, Sir?

Clin. Because, Sir, it is so very shallow, very shallow. There's Wit for you, Sir——

Enter Parley, who gives the Coll. a Letter.

Odsso! A Letter! Then there's News.----- What, is it the Foreign Post? What News, dear Coll. what News? Hark ye, *Mrs. Parley.*

[*He talks with Parley while the Coll. reads the Letter.*

Stand. The Son of a Whore! Is it he?

[*Looks at Clincher.*

[*Reads.*] Dear Madam,

I Was afraid to break open the Seal of your Letter, lest I shou'd violate the work of your fair Hands.— [Oh! Fulsome Fop.] I therefore with the warmth of my Kisses thaw'd it asunder. [Ay, here's such a turn of Style, as takes a fine Lady!] I have no News, but that the Pope's dead, and I have some Pacquets upon that Affair to send my Correspondent in Wales; but I shall wave all Business, and hasten to wait on you at the Hour appointed, with the Wings of a Flying-Post.

Yours,

Toby Clincher.

Very well, Mr. Toby. —— Hark'e, Brother, this Fellow's a Rogue.

Fire.

Fire. A damn'd Rogue.

Stand. See here ! a Letter to my Wife !

Fire. S'death ! let me tear him to pieces.

Stand. No, no, we'll manage him to more Advantage. Take him with you to *Locket's*, and invent some way or other to fuddle him. — Here, Mr. *Clincher*, I have prevail'd on my Brother here to give you a particular Account of the whole Voyage to the *Sound* by his own Journal, if you please to honour him with your Company at *Locket's*.

Clin. His own Journal ! Odsfo, let me see it.

Stand. Shew it him.

Fire. Here, Sir.

Clin. Now for News ——— [*Reads.*] Thursday, August the 17th, from the 6th at Noon to this Day Noon Winds variable, Courses per Traverse, true Course protracted, with all Impediments allow'd, is North 45 Degrees, West 60 Miles, Difference of Latitude 42 Miles, Departure West 40 Miles, Latitude per Judgment 54 Degrees 13 Minutes, Meridian distance current from the bearing of the Land, and the Latitude is 88 Miles.

——— Odsfo ! Great News Faith. — Let me see. At Noon broke our Main-top-Sail-yard, being rotten in the Slings ; two Whales Southward. — Odsfo ! A Whale ! Great News, Faith. Come, come along, Captain. But, d'ye hear ? with this Proviso, Gentlemen, That I won't drink ; for, hark'e, Captain, between you and I, there's a fine Lady in the Wind, and I shall have the Longitude and Latitude of a fine Lady, and the ———

Fire. A fine Lady ! Ah the Rogue ! [*Aside.*

Clin. Yes, a fine Lady, Collonel, a very fine Lady. ——— Come, no Ceremony, good Captain.

[*Exeunt Fireball and Clincher.*

Stand. Well, Mrs. Parley, how go the rest of our Affairs ?

Par. Why, worse and worse, Sir ; here's more Mischief still, more Branches a sprouting.

Stand. Of whose planting, pray ?

Par. Why, that impudent young Rogue, Sir Harry Wildair's Brother, has commenc'd his Suit, and feed Council

Council already. ——— Look here, Sir, two Pieces, for which, by Article, I am to receive four.

Stand. 'Tis a hard Case now, that a Man must give four Guineas for the good News of his Dishonour. Some Men throw away their Money in debauching other Men's Wives, and I lay out mine to keep my own honest: But this is making a Man's Fortune !---- Well, Child, there's your Pay; and I expect, when I come back, a true Account how the Business goes on.

Par. But suppose the Business be done before you come back ?

Stand. No, no; she ha'n't seen him yet; and her Pride will preserve her against the first Assaults. Besides, I sha'n't stay. [Exeunt Coll. and Par.]

SCENE changes to another Room in the same House.

Enter Wildair and Lurewell.

Lure. Well now, Sir Harry, this Book you gave me! As I hope to breathe I think 'tis the best penn'd Piece I have seen a great while, I don't know any of our Authors have writ in so florid and genteel a Style.

Wild. Upon the Subject, Madam, I dare affirm there is nothing extant more moving ----- Look ye, Madam, I am an Author rich in Expressions; the needy Poets of the Age may fill their Works with Rapsodies of Flames and Darts, and barren Sighs and Tears, their speaking Looks and amorous Vows, that might in *Chaucer's* time, perhaps, have pass'd for Love; but now, 'tis only such as I can touch that noble Passion, and by the true, persuasive Eloquence, turn'd in the moving Style of *Louis d'Ors*, can raise the ravish'd Female to a Rapture. ——— In short, Madam, I'll match *Cowly* in Softness, o'er-top *Mil-ton* in Sublime, banter *Cicero* in Eloquence, and Dr. *Swan* in Quibbling, by the help of that most ingenious Society, call'd the Bank of England.

Lure. Ay, Sir Harry, I begin to hate that old thing call'd Love; they say 'tis clear out in France.

Wild,

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Wild. Clear out, clear out, no body wears it: And here too, Honesty went out with the slash'd Doublets, and Love with the close-body'd Gowns. Love! 'Tis so obsolete, so mean, and out of Fashion, that I can compare it to nothing but the miserable Picture of *Patient Grizzel* at the Head of an old Ballad——
Faugh!

Lure. Ha, ha, ha.—The best Emblem in the World.
——Come, Sir *Harry*, faith we'll run it down——
Love!——Ay, methinks I see the mournful *Melpomene* with her Handkerchief at her Eye, her Heart full of Fire, her Eyes full of Water, her Head full of Madness, and her Mouth full of Nonsense.——
Oh! Hang it.

Wild. Ay, Madam. Then the doleful Ditties, piteous Complaints, the Daggers, the Poysons!

Lure. Oh the Vapours!

Wild. Then a Man must kneel, and a Man must swear---There is a Repose, I see, in the next Room.

[*Aside*]

Lure. Unnatural Stuff.

Wild. Oh, Madam, the most unnatural thing in the World; as fulsome as a Sack-Poffet, [*Pulling her towards the Door.*] ungenteel as a Wedding-Ring, and as impudent as the naked Statue was in the Park.

[*Pulls her again.*]

Lure. Ay, Sir *Harry*; I hate Love that's impudent. These Poets dress it up so in their Tragedies, that no modest Woman can bear it. Your way is much the more tolerable, I must confess.

Wild. Ay, ay, Madam; I hate your rude Whining and Sighing; it puts a Lady out of Countenance.

[*Pulling her.*]

Lure. Truly so it does----Hang their Impudence. But where are we going?

Wild. Only to rail at Love, Madam. [*Pulls her in.*]

Enter Banter.

Ban. Hey! Who's here? [*Lurewell comes back.*]

Lure.

Lure. 'Pshaw, prevented by a Stranger too! Had it been my Husband now——'Pshaw!——Very familiar, Sir. [*Banter takes up Wildair's Hat, that was dropt in the Room.*]

Ban. Madam, you have dropt your Hat.

Lure. Discover'd too by a Stranger!——What shall I do?

Wild. [*From within.*]——Madam, you have got the most confounded Pens here! Can't you get the Collonel to write the Supercriptions of your Letters for you?

Lure. Bless me, Sir Harry! Don't you know that the Collonel can't write *French*? Your time is so precious!

Wild. Shall I direct by way of *Roan* or *Paris*?

Lure. Which you will.

Ban. Madam, I very much applaud your Choice of a Secretary; he understands the Intrigues of most Courts in *Europe* they say.

Enter Wildair with a Letter.

Wild. Here, Madam, I presume. 'tis right.——This Gentleman a Relation of yours, Madam?——Dem him. [*Aside.*]

Ban. Brother, your humble Servant.

Wild. Brother! By what Relation, Sir?

Ban. Begotten by the same Father, born of the same Mother, Brother Kindred, and Brother Beau.

Wild. Hey day! How the Fellow strings his Genealogy!——Look ye, Sir, you may be Brother to *Tom Thumb* for ought I know; but if you are my Brother,—I cou'd have wish'd you in your Mother's Womb for an Hour or two longer. [*Aside.*]

Ban. Sir, I receiv'd your Letter at *Oxford*, with your Commandsto meet you in *London*; and if you can remember your own Hand, there 'tis.

[*Gives a Letter.*]

Wild. [*Looking over the Letter.*] Oh! Pray, Sir, let me consider you a little.—By *Jupiter* a pretty Boy, a very pretty Boy; a handsome Face, good Shape, [*Walks*]

[*Walks about and views him.*] well dress'd——The Rogue has got a Leg too.——Come kiss me, Child.——Ay, he kisses like one of the Family, the right Velvet Lip.——Can't thou dance, Child?

Ban. Ouy, Monsieur.

Lure. Hey-day! *French* too! Why sure, Sir, you cou'd never be bred at *Oxford*!

Ban. No, Madam, my Cloaths were made in *London*——Brother, I have some Affairs of Consequence to communicate, which require a little Privacy.

Lure. Oh, Sir! I beg your Pardon, I'll leave you: Sir Harry, you'll stay Supper? [*Exit.*]

Wild. Assurance, Madam.

Ban. Yes, Madam, we'll both stay.

Wild. Both!——Sir, I'll send you back to your Mutton-Commons again. How now?

Ban. No, no; I shall find better Mutton-Commons by messing with you, Brother——Come, Sir Harry: If you stay, I stay; if you go, allons.

Wild. Why, the Devil's in this young Fellow.——Why Sirrah, hast thou any Thoughts of being my Heir? Why, you Dog, you ought to pimp for me; you shou'd keep a pack of Wenches o' purpose to hunt down Matrimony. Don't you know, Sir, that lawful Wedlock in me is certain Poverty to you? Look ye, Sirrah, come along; and for my Disappointment just now, if you don't get me a new Mistress to Night, I'll marry to morrow, and won't leave you a Groat.——Go, Pimp, like a dutiful Brother.

[*Pulses him out, and Exit.*]

The End of the Third A C T.



A C T IV.

A C T IV.

SCENE, *A Tavern.*

Enter Fireball, hauling in Clincher.

Fire. C Ome, Sir ; not drink the King's Health !

Clin. Pray now, good Captain, excuse me. Look here, Sir ; the [*Pulling out his Watch.*] critical Minute, the critical Minute, Faith.

Fire. What d'ye mean, Sir ?

Clin. The Lady's critical Minute, Sir.—Sir, your humble Servant. [*Going.*]

Fire. Well ! The Death of this *spanish* King will—

Clin. [*Returning*] Eh ! What's that of the *spanish* King ? Tell me, dear Captain, tell me.

Fire. Sir, if you please to sit down, I'll tell you that old Don *Carlos* is dead.

Clin. Dead !——Nay, then [*Sits down.*]—Here, Pen and Ink, Boy ; Pen and Ink presently ; I must write to my Correspondent in *Wales* strait——Dead !

[*Rises, and walks about in Disorder.*]

Fire. What's the matter, Sir ?

Clin. Politicks, Politicks, stark mad with Politicks.

Fire. 'Sdeath, Sir, what have such Fools as you to do with Politicks ?

Clin. What, Sir ? The Succession.——Not mind the Succession !

Fire. Nay, that's minded already ; 'tis settled upon a Prince of *France*.

Clin. What, settled already !——The best News that ever came into *England*——Come, Caprain, faith and troth, Captain, here's a Health to the Succession.

Fire. Burn the Succession, Sir. I won't drink it——What, drink Confusion to our Trade, Religion and Liberties !

Clin.

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Clin. Ay, by all means.----- As for Trade, d'ye see? I'm a Gentleman, and hate it mortally. These Tradesmen are the most impudent Fellows we have, and spoil all our good Manners. What have we to do with Trade?

Fire. A trim Politician, truly! ----- And what do you think of our Religion, pray?

Clin. Hi, hi, hi.----- Religion! ----- And what has a Gentlemen to do with Religion, pray?----- And to hear a Sea Captain talk of Religion! That's pleasant, faith.

Fire. And have you no Regard to our Liberties, Sir?

Clin. Pshaw! Liberties! That's a Jest. We Beaux shall have Liberty to whore and drink in any Government, and that's all we care for.-----

Enter Standard.

Dear Collonel, the rarest News!

Stand. Damn your News, Sir; why are you not drunk by this?

Clin. A very civil Question, truly!

Stand Here, Boy, Bring in the Brandy----- Fill.

Clin. This is a piece of Politicks that I don't so well comprehend.

Stand. Here, Sir; now drink it off, or [*Draws.*] expect your Throat cut.

Clin. Ay, ay, this comes o'the Succession; Fire and Sword already.

Stand. Come, Sir, off with it.

Clin. Pray, Collonel, what have I done to be burnt alive?

Stand. Drink, Sir, I say----Brother, manage him, I must be gone.

[*Aside to Fireball, and Exit.*]

Fire. Ay, drink, Sir.

Clin. Eh! What the Devil, attack'd both by Sea and Land!----Look ye, Gentlemen, if I must be poyson'd, pray let me chuse my own Dose----Were I a Lord now, I shou'd have the Privilege of the Block, and as I'm a Gentleman, pray stiffe me with
Claret

Claret at least ! don't let me die like a Bawd, with Brandy.

Fire. Brandy ! you Dog, abuse Brandy ! Flat Treason against the Navy-Royal.---- Sirrah, I'll teach you to abuse the Fleet ----- Here, *Shark*.

Enter Shark.

Get three or four of the Ship's Crew, and press this Fellow aboard the *Belzebub*.

Sha. Ay, Master.

[*Exit.*

Clin. What ! aboard the *Belzebub* !---- Nay, nay, dear Captain, I'll chuse to go to the Devil this way. Here, Sir, your good Health ; ----- and my own Confusion, I'm afraid. [*Drinks it off.*] Oh ! Fire ! Fire ! Flames ! Brimstone ! and Tobacco !

[*Beats his Stomach.*

Fire. Here, quench it, quench it then. ----- Take the Glass, Sir.

Clin. What, another Broadside ! nay then, I'm sunk downright.----- Dear captain, give me Quarter, consider the present juncture of Affairs ; you'll spoil my Head, ruin my Politicks ; faith you will.

Fire. Here, *Shark*.

Clin. Well, well, I will drink-----The Devil take *Shark* for me. [*Drinks*] Whiz, Buz. Don't you hear it ? Put your Ear to my Breast, and hear how it whizzes like a hot Iron.-----Eh ! Bless me, how the Ship roulds !-----I can't stand upon my Legs, Faith.-----Dear Captain, give me a Kiss.----Ay, burn the Succession.-----Look ye, Captain, I shall be Sea sick presently.

[*Falls into Fireball's Arms.*

Enter Shark, and another with a Chair.

Fire. Here, in with him.

Sha. Ay, ay, Sir, ----- Awaft, awaft-----Here, Boy.----No, Nants left.-----

[*Tops the Glass.*

Fire. Bring him along.

Clin. Politicks, Politicks, Brandy, Politicks.

SCENE

SCENE changes to Lurewell's Apartment.

Enter Lurewell and Parley.

Lure. Did you ever see such an impudent young Rogue as that *Banter*? He follow'd his Brother up and down from place to place so very close, that we could not so much as whisper.

Par. I reckon Sir *Harry* will dispose of him now; Madam, where he may be secur'd, —— But I wonder, Madam, why *Clincher* comes not according to his Letter! 'tis near the Hour.

Lure. I wish, *Parley*, that no harm may befall me to Day; for I had a most frightful Dream last Night; I dreamt of a Mouse.

Par. 'Tis strange, Madam, you shou'd be so much afraid of that little Creature that can do you no harm!

Lure. Look ye, Girl, we Women of Quality have each of us some darling Fright.——I now hate a Mouse; my Lady *Lovecards* abhors a Cat; Mrs. *Fiddlesan* can't bear a Squirrel; the Countess of *Piquet* abominates a Frog, and my Lady *Swimair* hates a Man.

Enter Marquis running.

Mar. Madam! Madam! Madam! Pardie voyez.

---L'Argent! L'Argent! [*Shews a Bag of Money.*]

Lure. As I hope to breathe, he has got it—— Well, but how? How, dear Monsieur?

Mar. Ah, Madam! Begar, Monsieur Sir *Arry* be one Pigeaneau——Voyez, Madam! me did tell him dat my Broder in *Montpelier* did furnise his Lady wid ten tousan Livres for de expence of her Travaille; and dat she not being able to write when she was dying, did give him de Picture for de Certificate and de Credential to receive de Money from her Husband. Mark ye!

Lure. The best Plot in the World.——You told him, that your Brother lent her the Money in *France*,
when

when her Bills, I suppose, were delay'd. — You put in that, I presume.

Mar. Ouy, ouy, Madam.

Lure. And that upon her Death-bed she gave your Brother the Picture, as a Certificate to Sir Harry that she had receiv'd the Money, which Picture your Brother sent over to you, with Commission to receive the Debt!

Mar. Assurement. — Dere was de Politique, de France Politique! — See, Madam, what he can do, de France Marquis! He did make de Anglise Lady Cuckle her Husband when she was living, and sheat him when she was dead, Begar: Ha, ha, ha. — Oh! Pardie, cet bon.

Lure. Ah! But what did Sir Harry say?

Mar. Oh! begar Monsieur Chevalier he love his Vife; he say, dat if she takes up a hundre tousan Livres, he wou'd repay it; he knew de Picture, he say, and order me de Money from his Stewar — Oh notre Dame? Monsieur Sir Arry be one Dûpe.

Lure. Well but, Monsieur, I long to know one thing. Was the Conquest you made of his Lady so easie? What Assaults did you make? And what Resistance did she shew?

Mar. Resistance against de France Marquis! Voyez, Madam; dere was tree deux-yeux, one Serenade, an' two Capre; dat was all, begar.

Lure. Chatillionte! There's nothing in Nature so sweet to a longing Woman, as a malicious Story. — Well, Monsieur! 'tis about a thousand Pound; we go Snacks.

Mar. Snacke! Perdrie, for what? why Snacke, Madam? Me vill give you de Present of Fifty Louis d'Ors; dat is ver' good Snacke for you.

Lure. And you'll give me no more? — Very well!

Mar. Ver' well! Yes begar, 'tis ver' well. — Confidre, Madam, me be de poor *Refugé*, me 'ave noting but de religious Charite, and de France Politique, de Fruit of my own Address, dat is all.

Lure.

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Lure. Ay, an Object of Charity, with a thousand Pound in his Fist ! Emh ! Oh Monsieur ; that's my Husband, I know his knock. [*Knocking below.*] He must not see you. Get into the Closet till by and by, [*Hurries him in.*] and if I don't be reveng'd upon your *France Politique*, then have I no *English Politique*—Hang the Money ! I wou'd not for twice a Thousand Pound forbear abusing this virtuous Woman to her Husband.

Enter Parley.

Par. 'Tis Sir Harry, Madam.

Lure. As I cou'd wish. Chairs !

Enter Wildair.

Wild. Here, Mrs. Parley, in the first place I sacrifice a *Louis d'Or* to thee for good luck.

Par. A Guinea, Sir, will do as well.

Wild. No, no, Child ; *French Money* is always most successful in Bribes, and very much in fashion, Child.

Enter Dicky, and runs to Sir Harry.

Dick. Sir, will you please to have your own Night-Caps ?

Wild. Sirrah !

Dick. Sir, Sir ! shall I order your Chair to the back Door by five a Clock in the Morning ?

Wild. The Devil's in the Fellow. Get you gone. —[*Dicky runs out.*] Now, dear Madam, I have secur'd my Brother, you have dispos'd of the Collonel, and we rail at Love till we han't a Word more to say.

Lure. Ay, Sir Harry——Please to sit a little, Sir.——You must know I'm in a strange Humour of asking you some Questions.——How did you like your Lady, pray Sir ?

Wild. Like her ! Ha, ha, ha.——So very well, faith, that for her very sake I'm in love with every Woman I meet.

Lure. And did Matrimony please you extremely ?

Wild.

Wild. So very much, that if Polygamy were allow'd, I wou'd have a new Wife every Day.

Lure. Oh, Sir Harry ! This is Raillery. But your serious Thoughts upon the Matter, pray.

Wild. Why then, Madam, to give you my true Sentiments of Wedlock: I had a Lady that I marry'd by chance, she was virtuous by chance, and I lov'd her by great chance. Nature gave her Beauty, Education and Air, and Fortune threw a young Fellow of five and twenty in her Lap.—I courted her all Day, lov'd her all Night, she was my Mistress one Day, and my Wife another: I found in one the variety of a Thousand, and the very confinement of Marriage gave me the Pleasure of Change.

Lure. And she was very virtuous.

Wild. Look ye, Madam, you know she was Beautiful. She had good Nature about her Mouth, the Smile of Beauty in her Cheeks, sparkling Wit in her Forehead, and sprightly Love in her Eyes.

Lure. 'Pshaw ! I knew her very well ; the Woman was well enough. But you don't answer my Question, Sir.

Wild. So, Madam, as I told you before, she was young and beautiful, I was rich and vigorous ; my Estate gave me a Lustre to my Love, and a Swing to our Enjoyment ; round, like the Ring that made us one, our golden Pleasures circled without end.

Lure. Golden Pleasures ! Golden Fiddlesticks.—What d'ye tell me of your canting Stuff ? Was she virtuous, I say ?

Wild. Ready to burst with Envy ; but I will torment thee a little. [*Aside.*] So, Madam, I powder'd to please her, she dress'd to engage me ! we toy'd away the Morning in amorous Nonsense, loll'd away the Evening in the Park, or the Play-house, and all the Night. ——— Hem !

Lure. Look ye, Sir, answer my Question, or I shall take it ill.

Wild. Then, Madam, there was never such a Pattern of Unity.—Her Wants were still prevented by

by my Supplies ; ~~my~~ own Heart whisper'd me her Desires, 'cause she her self was there ; no Contention ever rose, but the dear Strife of who shou'd most oblige ; no Noise about Authority : for neither wou'd stoop to command, 'cause both thought it Glory to Obey.

Lure. Stuff ! stuff ! stuff !-----I won't believe a Word on't.

Wild. Ha, ha, ha. Then, Madam, we never felt the Yoak of Matrimony, because our Inclinations made us one ; a Power superior to the Forms of Wedlock. The Marriage Torch had lost its weaker Light in the bright Flame of mutual Love that join'd our Hearts before ; Then -----

Lure. Hold, Hold, Sir ; I cannot bear it ; Sir *Harry*, I'm affronted.

Wild. Ha, ha, ha. Affronted !

Lure. Yes, Sir ; 'tis an Affront to any Woman to hear another commended ; and I will resent it. -----

In short, Sir *Harry*, your Wife was a -----

Wild. Buz, Madam.-----No Detraction.--- I'll tell you what she was.--So much an Angel in her Conduct, that tho' I saw another in her Arms, I shou'd have thought the Devil had rais'd the Phantom, and my more conscious Reason had given my Eyes the Lie.

Lure. Very well ! Then I a'n't to be believ'd it seems.----- But d'ye hear, Sir ?

Wild. Nay, Madam, do you hear ? I tell you, 'tis not in the power of Malice to cast a Blot upon her Fame ; and tho' the Vanity of our Sex, and the Envy of yours, conspir'd both against her Honour, I wou'd not hear a Syllable. [Stopping his Ears.]

Lure. Why then, as I hope to breathe, you shall hear it.---The Picture ! the Picture ! the Picture !

[Bawling aloud.]

Wild. Ran, tan, tan. A Pistol-bullet from Ear to Ear.

Lure. That Picture which you had just now from the French Marquis, for a thousand Pound ; that very Picture did your very virtuous Wife send to the Mar-

L quis

quis as a Pledge of her very virtuous and dying Affection. So 'that you are both robb'd of your Honour, and cheated of your Money. *[Aloud.]*

Wild. Louder, louder, Madam.

Lure. I tell you, Sir, your Wife was a Jilt; I know it, I'll swear it.—She Virtuous! She was a Devil.

Wild. *[Sings.]* Tal, la, deral.

Lure. Was ever the like seen! He won't hear me ——— I burst with Malice, and now he won't mind me! ——— Won't you hear me yet?

Wild. No, no, Madam.

Lure. Nay, then I can't bear it. *[Bursts out a crying.]* ——— Sir, I must say that you're an unworthy Person, to use a Woman of Quality at this rate, when she has her Heart full of Malice; I don't know but it may make me miscarry. Sir, I say again and again, that she was no better than one of us, and I know it; I have seen it with my Eyes, so I have.

Wild. Good Heav'ns deliver me, I beseech thee. How shall I 'scape?

Lure. Will you hear me yet? Dear, Sir Harry, do but hear me; I'm longing to speak.

Wild. Oh! I have it. ——— Hush, hush, hush,

Lure. Eh! What's the matter?

Wild. A Mouse! a Mouse! a Mouse!

Lure. Where? where? where?

Lure. Your Petticoats, your Petticoats, Madam?

[Lure. shrieks and runs.]

Wild. O my Head! I was never worsted by a Woman before. ——— But I have heard so much as to know the *Marquis* to be a Villain. *[Knocking.]* Nay then, I must run fort. *[Runs out, and returns.]* ——— The Entry is stopt by a Chair coming in; and something there is in that Chair that I will discover, if I can find a place to hide my self. *[Goes to the Closet-door.]* Fast! I have Keys about me for most Locks about St. *James's* ——— Let me see. ——— *[Tries one Key.]* ——— No, no; this opens my Lady *Planthorn's* Back-door. ——— *[Tries another.]* ——— Nor this; this is the Key to my Lady *Stakeall's* Garden. *[Tries a third.]*

third.] Ay, ay, this does it, Faith.

[Goes into the Closet, and peeps out.

Enter Shark and another, with Clincher in a Chair; Parley.

Par. Hold, hold, Friend; who gave you Order to lug in your dirty Chair into the House?

Sha. My Master, Sweet-heart.

Par. Who is your Master, Impudence?

Sha. Every body, Sauce-box. ——— And for the present here's my Master! and if you have any thing to say to him, there he is for ye. *[Lugs Clincher out of the Chair, and throws him upon the Floor.]* Steer away, *Tom.*

Wild. What the Devil, Mr. *Jubilee*, is it you!

Par. Bless me! the Gentleman's dead! Murder! Murder!

Enter Lurewell.

Lure. Protect me! What's the matter, *Clincher*?

Par. Mr. *Clincher*, are you dead, Sir?

Clin. Yes.

Lure. Oh! then 'tis well enough. ——— Are you drunk, Sir?

Clin. No.

Lure. Well! certainly I'm the most unfortunate Woman living: All my Affairs, all my Designs, all my Intrigues, miscarry. ——— Faugh! the Beast? But, Sir, what's the matter with you?

Clin. Politicks.

Par. Where have you been, Sir?

Clin. *Shark*!

Lure. What shall we do with him, *Parley*? If the Collonel shou'd come home now, we were ruin'd.

Enter Standard.

Oh, inevitable Destruction!

Wild. Ay, ay; unless I relieve her now, all the World can't save her.

Stand. Bless me! What's here? Who are you, Sir?

L 2

Clin-

Clin. Brandy.

Stand. See there, Madam !----- Behold the Man that you prefer to me ! And such as He are all those Fop-Gallants that daily haunt my House, ruin your Honour, and disturb my Quiet.-----I urge not the sacred Bond of Marriage ; I'll wave your earnest Vows of Truth to me, and only lay the Case in equal Balance ; and see whose Merit bears the greater weight, his, or mine.

Wild. Well argu'd, Collonel.

Stand. Suppose your self freely disingag'd, unmarried, and to make a choice of him you thought most worthy of your Love ; Wou'd you prefer a Bute ? a Monkey ? one destin'd only for the Sport of Man ? -----Yes ; take him to your Bed ; there let the Beast disgorge his fulsom Load in your fair, lovely Bosom, snore out his Passion in your soft Embrace, and with the Vapours of his sick Debauch, perfume your sweet Apartment.

Lure. Ah nauseous ! nauseous ! Poyson !

Stand. I ne'er was taught to set a value on my self : But when compar'd to him, there Modesty must stoop, and Indignation give my Words a loose, to tell you, Madam, that I am a Man unblemish'd in my Honour, have nobly serv'd my King, and Country ; and for a Lady's Service, I think that Nature has not been defective.

Wild. Egad I shou'd think so too ; the Fellow's well made.

Stand. I'm young as He, my Person too as fair to outward view ; and for my Mind, I thought it cou'd distinguish right, and therefore made a choice of you.-----Your Sex have bless'd our Isle with Beauty, by distant Nations priz'd ; and cou'd they place their Loves aright, their Lovers might acquire the Envy of Mankind, as well as they the Wonder of the World.

Wild. Ah, now he coaxes-----He will conquer unless I relieve her in time ; she begins to melt already.

Stand.

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Stand. Add to all this, I love you next to Heav'n ; and by that Heav'n I swear, the constant study of my Days and Nights have been to please my dearest Wife. Your Pleasure never met controul from me, nor your Desires a Frown. — I never mention'd my distrust before, nor will I now wrong your discretion, so as e'er to think you made him an Appointment.

Lure. Generous, generous Man ! [Weeps.]

Wild. Nay, then 'tis time for me ; I will relieve her. — [He steals out of the Closet, and coming behind Standard, claps him on the Shoulder.] Collonel, your humble Servant. —

Stand. Sir Harry, how came you hither ?

Wild. Ah, poor Fellow ! Thou hast got thy Load with a witness ; but the Wine was humming strong ; I have got a touch on't my self. [Reels a little.]

Stand. Wine, Sir Harry ! What Wine ?

Wild. Why, 'twas new *Burgundy*, heady Stuff. But the Dog was soon gone, knock'd under presently.

Stand. What, then *Mr. Clincher* was with you, it seems ? Eh !

Wild. Yes faith, we have been together all this Afternoon ; 'Tis a pleasant foolish Fellow. He would needs give me a Welcome to Town, on pretence of hearing all the News from the *Jubilee*. The Humour was new to me ; so to't we went. — But 'tis a weak-headed Coxcomb ! two or three Bumpers did his Business. — Ah, Madam ! What do I deserve for this ? [Aside to Lurewell.]

Lure. Look ye there, Sir ; you see how Sir Harry has clear'd my Innocence. — I'm oblig'd t'ye, Sir ; but I must leave you to make it out.

[To Wild. and Ex.]

Stand. Yes, yes ; he has clear'd you wonderfully. — But pray, Sir. — I suppose you can inform me how *Mr. Clincher* came into my House ? Eh !

Wild. Ay : Why, you must know that the Fool got presently as drunk as a Drum ; so I had him tumbl'd into a Chair, and order'd the Fellows to carry

ry him home. Now you must know, he lodges but three Doors off; but the Boobies, it seems, mistook the Door, and brought him in here, like a Brace of Loggerheads.

Stand. O, yes; sad Loggerheads, to mistake a Door in *James-Street* for a House in *Covent-Garden*.——Here

Enter Servants.

Take away that Brute.

[*Servants carry off Clincher.*

And you say 'twas new *Burgundy*, Sir Harry, very strong.

Wild. 'Egad, there is some Trick in this Matter, and I shall be discover'd. [*Aside.*] Ay, Collonel; but I must be gone: I'm engag'd to meet——Col-
lonel, I'm your humble Servant. [*Going.*

Stand. But, Sir Harry, where's your Hat, Sir?

Wild. Oh Morbleau! These Hats, Gloves, Canes, and Swords, are the ruin of all our Designs. [*Aside.*

Stand. But where's your Hat, Sir Harry?

Wild. I'll never intrigue again with any thing about me but what is just bound to my Body. How shall I come off?——Hark ye, Collonel, in your Ear; I would not have your Lady hear it.——You must know, just as I came into the Room here, what shou'd I spy but a great Mouse running across that Clofet-door, I took no notice, for fear your Lady should be frightened, but with all my force (d'ye see) I flung my Hat at it, and so threw it into the Clofet, and there it lies.

Stand. And so, thinking to kill the Mouse, you flung your Hat into that Clofet.

Wild. Ay, Ay; that was all. I'll go fetch it.

Stand. No, Sir Harry, I'll bring it out.

[*Goes into the Clofet.*

Wild. Now have I told a matter of twenty Lies in a Breath.

Stand. Sir Harry! Is this the Mouse that you threw your Hat at?

[*Standard comes in with the Hat in one Hand, and hawling in the Marquis with the other.*

Wild.

Wild. I'm amaz'd!

Mar. Pardie, I'm amaze too.

Stand. Look'e, Monsieur *Marquis*, as for your part, I shall cut your Throat, Sir.

Wild. Give me leave, I must cut his Throat first.

Mar. Vat! Bote cut my Troat! Begar, Messieurs, I ave but one Troat.

Enter Parley, and runs to Standard.

Par. Sir, the Monsieur is innocent; he came upon another Design. My Lady begins to be penitent, and, if you make any Noise, 'twill spoil all.

Stand. Look'e, Gentlemen, I have too great a Confidence in the Virtue of my Wife, to think it in the Power of you, or you, Sir, to wrong my Honour: But I am bound to guard her Reputation, so that no Attempts be made that may provoke a Scandal: Therefore, Gentlemen. let me tell you, 'tis time to desist.

[*Exit.*

Wild. Ay, ay; so 'tis faith. Come, Monsieur, I must talk with you, Sir.

[*Exeunt.*



ACT V.

SCENE, *Standard's House.*

Enter Standard and Fireball.

Stand. **I**N short, Brother, a Man may talk till Doomsday of Sin, Hell, and Damnation; But your Rhetorick will ne'er convince a Lady that there's any thing of a Devil in a handsome Fellow with a fine Coat. You must shew the Cloven-foot, expose the Brute, as I have done; and tho' her Virtue sleeps, her Pride will surely take th' Alarm.

L 4

Fire.

Fire. Ay, but if you had let me cut off one of the Rogue's Ears before you sent him away.——

Stand. No, no ; the Fool has serv'd my turn, without the Scandal of a publick Resentment ; and the Effect has shewn that my Design was right ; I've touch'd her very Heart, and she relents apace.

Enter Lurewell running.

Lure. Oh ! My Dear, save me ! I'm frightened out of my Life.

Fire. Blood and Fire ! Madam, who dare touch you ? *[Draws his Sword and stands before her.]*

Lure. Oh, Sir ! A Ghost ! A Ghost ! I have seen it twice.

Fire. Nay then, we Soldiers have nothing to do with Ghosts ; send for the Parson. *[Sheaths his Sword.]*

Stand. 'Tis Fancy, my Dear, nothing but Fancy.

Lure. Oh dear Collonel ! I'll never lie alone again : I'm frightened to Death ; I saw it twice : twice it stalk'd by my Chamber-door, and with a hollow Voice utter'd a piteous Groan.

Stand. This is strange ! Ghosts by Day-light !—— Come, my Dear, along with me ; don't shrink, we'll see to find this Ghost. *[Exeunt.]*

S C E N E *changes to the Street.*

Enter Wildair, Marquis, and Dicky.

Wild. Dicky ?

Dick. Sir.

Wild. Do you remember any thing of a thousand Pounds lent to my Wife in *Montpelier* by a *French Gentleman* ?

Mar. Ouy, *Monfieur Dicky*, you remembre de *Gentleman*, he was one *Marquis*.

Dick. Marqui, Sir ! I think, for my part, that all the Men in *France* are Marqui's. We met above a thousand Marqui's, but the Devil of one of 'em cou'd lend a thousand Pence, much less a thousand Pound.

Mar. Morbleu, qui dit vous, Bougre le Chien ?

Wild.

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Wild. Hold, Sir, pray answer me one Question? What made you fly your Country?

Mar. My Religion, Monsieur.

Wild. So you fled for your Religion out of *France*; and are a downright Atheist in *England*? A very tender Conscience truly!

Mar. Begar, Monsieur, my Conscience be de ver' tendre; he no suffre his Mاستre to starve, pardie.

Wild. Come, Sir, no Ceremony; refund.

Mar. Refunde! Vat is dat refunde? Parlez *François*, Monsieur?

Wild. No, Sir; I tell you in plain *English*, return my Money, or I'll lay you by the Heels.

Mar. Oh! Begar dere is de *Anglis-man* now. Dere is de Law for me. De Law! Ecoute, Monsieur Sir *Arry*—Voyez sa——De *France* Marquis scorn de Law. My Broder lend your Vife de Money, and here is my Witness. [Draws.]

Wild. Your Evidence, Sir, is very positive, and shall be examin'd: But this is no place to try the Cause; we'll cross the Park into the Fields; you shall throw down the Money between us, and the best Title, upon a fair Hearing, shall take it up.—Allons!

Mar. Oh! De tout mon cœur———Allons!! Fient à la tate, begar. [Exit.]

SCENE, *Lurewell's Apartment.*

Enter Lurewell and Parley.

Lure. 'Pshaw! I'm such a frightened Fool! 'Twas nothing but a Fancy.——Come, *Parley*, get me Pen and Ink, I'll divert jt. Sir *Harry* shall know what a Wife he had, I'm resolv'd. Tho' he wou'd not hear me speak, he'll read my Letter sure.

[Sits down to write.]

Ghost. [From within.]———Hold.

Lure Protect me!---*Parley*, don't leave me.--- But I won't mind it.

Ghost. Hold.

146 *Sir Harry Wildair ; being*

Lure. Defend me ! Don't you hear a Voice ?

Par. I thought so, Madam.

Lure. It call'd, Hold. I'll venture once more.

[Sits down to write.]

Ghost. Disturb no more the Quiet of the Dead.

Lure. Now 'tis plain. I heard the Words.

Par. Deliver us, Madam, and forgive us our Sins !
What is it ?

*Ghost enters, Lurewell and Parley shriek, and run to
a Corner of the Stage.*

Ghost. Behold the airy Form of wrong'd *Angelica*,
Forc'd from the Shades below to vindicate
her Fame.

Forbear, malicious Woman, thusto load
With scandalous Reproach the Grave of
Innocence.

Repent, vain Woman !

Thy Matrimonial Vow is register'd above,
And all the Breaches of that solemn Faith
Are register'd below. I'm sent to warn
thee to repent.

Forbear to wrong thy injur'd Husband's
Bed,

Disturb no more the Quiet of the Dead.

[Stalks off.]

[Lurewell swoons, and Parley supports her.]

Par. Help ! help ! help !

Enter Standard and Fireball.

Stand. Bless us ! What, fainting ! What's the mat-
ter ?

Fire. Breeding, breeding, Sir.

Par. Oh, Sir ! We're frighted to Death ; here has
been the Ghost again.

Stand. Ghost ! Why you're mad, sure ! What
Ghost ?

Par. The Ghost of *Angelica*, Sir Harry Wildair's
Wife.

Stand, Angelica !

Par.

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Par. Yes, Sir; and hear it preach'd to us the Lord knows what, and murder'd my Mistress with mere Morals.

Fire. A good hearing, Sir; 'twill do her good.

Stand. Take her in, *Parley*.

[*Parley leads out Lurewell.*]

What can this mean, Brother?

Fire. The meaning's plain. There's a design of Communication between your Wife and Sir *Harry*; so his Wife is come to forbid the Bans, that's all.

Stand. No, no, Brother. If I may be induc'd to believe the walking of Ghosts, I rather fancy that the rattle-headed Fellow her Husband has broke the poor Lady's Heart; which, together with the Indignity of her Burial, has made her uneasy in her Grave.——But whatever be the cause, it's fit we immediately find out Sir *Harry*, and inform him.

[*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E, *the Park.*

Company walking; Wildair and Marquis passing hastily over the Stage, one calls.

Lord. Sir *Harry*.

Wild. My Lord?—*Monfieur*, I'll follow you, Sir.

[*Exit Marquis.*]

Lo. I must talk with you, Sir.

Wild. Pray, my Lord, let it be very short, for I was never in more haste in my Life.

Lo. May I presume, Sir, to enquire the Cause that detain'd you so late last Night at my House?

Wild. More Mischief again!—Perhaps, my Lord, I may not presume to inform you

Lo. Then perhaps, Sir, I may presume to extort it from you.

Wild. Look ye, my Lord, don't frown; it spoils your Face.——But if you must know, your Lady owes me two hundred Guineas, and that Sum I will presume to extort from your Lordship.

Lo. Two hundred Guineas! Have you any thing to shew for it?

Wild. Ha, ha, ha ! Shew for it, my Lord, I shew'd Quint and Quatorz for it ; and to a Man of Honour, that's as firm as a Bond and Judgment.

Lo. Come, Sir, this won't pass upon me ; I'm a Man of Honour.

Wild. Honour ! Ha, ha, ha !—'Tis very strange ! That some Men, tho' their Education be never so Gallant, will ne'er learn Breeding ! Look ye, my Lord, when you and I were under the Tuition of our Governours, and convers'd only with old *Cicero*, *Livy*, *Virgil*, *Plutarch*, and the like ; why then such a Man was a Villain, and such a one was a Man of Honour : But now, that I have known the Court, a little of what they call the *Beaumonde*, and the *Belle-esprit*, I find that Honour looks as ridiculous as *Roman* Buskins upon your Lordship, or my full Peruke upon *Scipio Africanus*.

Lo. Why shou'd you think so, Sir ?

Wild. Because the World's improv'd, my Lord, and we find that this Honour is a very troublesome and impertinent thing.——Can't we live together like good Neighbours and Christians, as they do in *France* ? I lend you my Coach, I borrow yours ; you dine with me, I sup with you ; I lie with your Wife, and you lie with mine.——Honour, That's such an Impertinence !——Pray, my Lord, hear me. What does your Honour think of murdering your Friend's Reputation ? Making a Jest of his Misfortunes ? Cheating him at Cards, debauching his Bed, or the like.

Lo. Why rank Villainy.

Wild. Pish ! Pish ! Nothing but good Manners, Excess of good Manners. Why, you han't been at Court lately. There 'tis the only Practice to shew our Wit and Breeding.——As for instance. Your Friend reflects upon you when absent, because 'tis good Manners ; rallies you when present, because 'tis witty ; cheats you at Piquet, to shew he has been in *France* ; and lies with your Wife, to shew he's a Man of Quality.

Lo.

Lo. Very well, Sir.

Wild. In short, my Lord, you have a wrong Notion of things. Shou'd a Man with a handsome Wife revenge all Affronts done to his Honour, poor *White, Chaves, Morris, Locket, Pawlet* and *Pontack*, were utterly ruin'd.

Lo. How so, Sir ?

Wild. Because, my Lord, you must run all their Customers quite through the Body. Were it not for abusing your Men of Honour, Taverns and Chocolate-Houses cou'd not subsist ; and were there but a round Tax laid upon Scandal, and false Politicks, we Men of Figure wou'd find it much heavier than four Shillings in the Pound.—Come, come, my Lord, no more on't, for shame ; your Honour is safe enough, for I have the Key of its Back-door in my Pocket.

[*Runs off.*

Lo. Sir, I shall meet you another time.

[*Exit.*

S C E N E, *the Fields.*

Enter Marquis with a Servant carrying his fighting Equipage, Pumps, Cap, &c. He dresses himself accordingly, and flourishes about the Stage.

Mar. Sa, sa, sa, sient a la Tate. Sa, Embaracade ; Quart sur redouble. Hey !

Enter Wildair.

Wild. Ha, ha, ha ; the Devil ! Must I fight with a Tumbler ? These *French* are as great Fops in their Quarrels, as in their Amours.

Mar. Allons ! Allons ! Stripe, stripe.

Wild. No, no, Sir, I never strip to engage a Man ; I fight as I dance.—Come, Sir, down with the Money.

Mar. Dere it is, pardie.

[*Lays down the Bag between 'em.*

Allons !

Lo.

Enter

Enter Dicky, and gives Wildair a Gun.

Morbleu ! que sa ?

Wild. Now, Monsieur, if you offer to stir, I'll shoot you through the Head.——*Dicky*, take up the Money and carry it home.

Dick. Here it is, faith: And if my Master be kill'd the Money's my own.

Mar. Oh Morbleu ! de Anglis-man be one Coward.

Wild. Ha, ha, ha ! Where is your *French* Politique, now ? Come, Monsieur, you must know I scorn to fight any Man for my own: but now we're upon the level; and since you have been at the trouble of putting on your Habiliments, I must requite your Pains. So come on, Sir.

[Lays down the Gun, and uses his Sword.]

Mar. Come on ! For wat ? Wen de Money is gone ! De *France-man* fight were dere is no Profit ! Pardonnez moy, pardie.

[Sits down to pull off his Pumps.]

Wild. Hold, hold, Sir ; you must fight. Tell me how you came by this Picture ?

Mar. *[Starting up.]* Wy den, begar, Monsieur Chevalier, since de Money be gone, me vill speak de veritie ;——Pardie, Monsieur, me did make de Cuckle of you, and your Vife send me de Picture for my Pain.

Wild. Look ye, Sir, if I thought you had Merit enough to gain a Lady's Heart from me, I wou'd shake Hands immediately, and be Friends : But as I believe you to be a vain scandalous Lyar, I'll cut your Throat.

[They fight.]

Enter Standard and Fireball, who part 'em.

Stand. Hold, hold, Gentlemen.——Brother, secure the Marquis.——Come, Sir *Harry*, put up ; I have something to say to you very serious.

Wild. Say it quickly then ; for I am a little out of Humour, and want something to make me laugh.

[As they talk, Marquis dresses, and Fireball helps him.]

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Stand. Will what's very serious make you laugh?

Wild. Most of all.

Stand. 'Pshaw! Pray, Sir Harry, tell me what made you leave your Wife?

Wild. Ha, ha, ha! I knew it.—Pray, Collonel, what makes you stay with your Wife?

Stand. Nay, but pray answer me directly; I beg it as a Favour.

Wild. Why then, Collonel, you must know we were a pair of the most happy, toying, foolish People in the World, till she got, I don't know how, a Crotchet of Jealousy in her Head. This made her frumpish; but we had ne'er an angry Word: She only fell a crying over Night, and I went for *Italy* next Morning. — But pray no more on't. — Are you hurt, Monsieur?

Stand. But, Sir Harry, you'll be serious when I tell you that her Ghost appears.

Wild. Her Ghost! Ha, ha, ha. That's pleasant, faith.

Stand. As sure as Fate, it walks in my House.

Wild. In your House! come along, Collonel. By the Lord I'll kiss it. [Exeunt Wild. and Stand.]

Mar. Monsieur le Captain, Adieu.

Fire. Adieu! No, Sir, you shall follow Sir Harry.

Mar. For wat?

Fire. For what! Why, d'ye think I'm such a Rogue as to part a couple of Gentlemen when they're fighting, and not see 'em make an end on't; I think it a less Sin to part Man and Wife.— Come along, Sir.

[Exit pulling Monsieur.]

SCENE, Standard's House.

Enter Wildair and Standard.

Wild. Well then; this, it seems, is the enchanted Chamber. The Ghost has pitch'd upon a handsome Apartment however. — Well, Collonel, when do you intend to begin?

Stand.

Stand. What, Sir ?

Wild. To laugh at me ; I know you design it.

Stand. Ha ! By all that's powerful there it is.

Ghost walks cross the Stage.

Wild. The Devil it is — Emh ! Blood, I'll speak to't. — Vous, Mademoiselle Ghost, parlez vous *François* ? — No ! Hark ye, Mrs. Ghost, will your Ladyship be pleas'd to inform us who you are, that we may pay you the Respect due to your Quality.

[Ghost returns.

Ghost. I am the Spirit of thy departed Wife.

Wild. Are you, faith ! Why then here's the Body of thy living Husband, and stand me if you dare. *[Runs to her and embraces her. —]* Ha ! 'tis Substance, I'm sure. — But hold, Lady Ghost, stand off a little, and tell me in good earnest now, whether you are alive or dead ?

Ang. *[Throwing off her Shroud.]* — Alive ! alive ! *[Runs and throws her Arms about his Neck,]* and never liv'd so much as in this Moment.

Wild. What d'ye think of the Ghost now, Collonel ? *[She hangs upon him.]* Is it not a very loving Ghost ?

Stand. Amazement !

Wild. Ay, 'tis Amazement, truly. — Look ye, Madam, I hate to converse so familiarly with Spirits : Pray keep your distance.

Ang. I am alive, indeed I am.

Wild. I don't believe a Word on't. *[Moving away.*

Stand. Sir Harry, you're more afraid now than before.

Wild. Ay, most Men are more afraid of a living Wife than a dead one.

Stand. 'Tis good Manners to leave you together however. *[Exit.*

Ang. 'Tis unkind, my Dear, after so long and tedious an Absence, to act the Stranger so. I now shall die in earnest, and must for ever vanish from your Sight.

[Weeping and going.

Wild.

Wild. Hold, hold, Madam. Don't be angry, my Dear; you took me unprovided: Had you but sent me Word of your coming, I had got three or four Speeches out of *Oroonoko* and the *Mourning-Bride* upon this Occasion, that wou'd have charm'd your very Heart. But we'll do as well as we can; I'll have the Musick from both Houses; *Pawlet* and *Locket* shall contrive for our Taste; we'll charm our Ears with *Abel's* Voice; feast our Eyes with one another; and thus, with all our Senses tun'd to Love, we'll hurl off our Cloaths, leap into Bed, and there,—Look ye, Madam, if I don't welcome you home with Raptures more natural, and more moving than all the Plays in *Christendom*.——I'll say no more.

Ang. As mad as ever.

Wild. But ease my Wonder first, and let me know the Riddle of your Death.

Ang. Your unkind Departure hence, and your avoiding me abroad, made me resolve, since I cou'd not live with you, to dië to all the World besides: I fancy'd, that tho' it exceeded the force of Love, yet the Power of Grief perhaps might change your Humour, and therefore had it given out that I dy'd in *France*; my Sicknefs at *Montpelier*, which indeed was next to Death, and the Affront offer'd to the Body of our Ambassador's Chaplain at *Paris*, conduc'd to have my Burial private. This deceiv'd my Retinue; and by the Assistance of my Woman, and your faithful Servant, I got into Man's Cloaths, came home into *England*, and sent him to observe your Motions abroad, with Orders not to undeceive you till your Return——Here I met you in the Quality of *Beau Banter*, your busie Brother, under which Disguise I have disappointed your Design upon my Lady *Lurewell*; and in the Form of a Ghost, have reveng'd the Scandal she this Day threw upon me. and have frighted her sufficiently from lying alone. I did resolve to have frighted you likewise, but you were too hard for me.

Wild.

Wild. How weak, how squeamish, and how fearful are Women when they want to be humour'd ! and how extravagant, how daring, and how provoking, when they get the impertinent Maggot in their Head !——But by what means, my Dear, could you purchase this double Disguise ? How came you by my Letter to my Brother ?

Ang. By intercepting all your Letters since I came home. But for my Ghostly Contrivance, good Mrs. Parley (mov'd by the Justness of my Cause, and a Bribe) was my chief Engineer.

Enter Fireball and Marquis.

Fire. Sir Harry, if you have a mind to fight it out, there's your Man ; if not, I have discharg'd my Trust.

Wild. Oh, Monsieur ! Won't you salute your Mistress, Sir ?

Mar. Oh, Morbleu ! Begar me must run to some oder Countrey now for my Religion.

Ang. Oh ! what the *French* Marquis ! I know him.

Wild. Ay, ay, my Dear, you do know him, and I can't be angry, because 'tis the Fashion for Ladies to know every body : But methinks, Madam, that Picture now ! Hang it, considering 'twas my Gift, you might have kept it——But no matter ; my Neighbour's shall pay for't.

Ang. Picture, my Dear ! Cou'd you think I e'er wou'd part with that ? No ; of all my Jewels, this alone I kept, 'cause 'twas given by you.

[*Shews the Picture.*

Wild. Eh ! Wonderful !——And what's this ?

[*Pulling out t'other Picture.*

Ang. They're are very much alike.

Wild. So alike, that one might fairly pass for t'other.——Monsieur Marquis, *écoutez*.——You did lie wid my Vife, and she did give you de Picture for your Pain. Eh ! Come, Sir, add to your *France* Politique a little of your Native Impudence, and tell us plainly how you came by't.

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Mar. Begar, Monsieur Chevalier, wen de *France-man* can tell no more Lie, den vill he tell Trute—— I was acquaint wid de Paintre dat draw your Lady's Picture, an I give him ten Pistole for de Copy.—— An so me ave de Picture of all de Beauty in *London*; and by dis Politique, me ave de Reputation to lie wid dem all.——

Wild. When perhaps your Pleasure never reach'd above a Pit-Masque in your Life.

Mar. An begar, for dat matre, de natre of Women, a Pit-Masque is as good as de best. De Pleasure is noting, de Glory is all, Alamode de France.

[Struts out.]

Wild. Go thy ways for a true Pattern of the Vanity, Impertinence, Subtlety, and the Ostentation of thy Country—— Look ye, Captain give me thy Hand; once I was a Friend to *France*; but henceforth I promise to sacrifice my Fashions, Coaches, Wigs, and Vanity, to Horses, Arms, and Equipage, and serve my King in *propria persona*, to promote a vigorous War, if there be occasion.

Fire. Bravely said, Sir *Harry*: And if all the Beaux in the Side boxes were of your mind, we would send 'em back their *L'Abbe*, and *Balon*, and shew 'em a new Dance to the Tune of *Harry* the Fifth.

Enter Standard, Lurewell, Dicky, and Parley.

Wild. Oh Collonel! Such discoveries!

Stand. Sir, I have heard all from your Servant; honest *Dicky* has told me the whole Story.

Wild. Why then let *Dicky* run for the Fiddles immediately.

Dick. Oh, Sir; I knew what it would come to; they're here already, Sir.

Wild. Then, Collonel, we'll have a new Wedding, and begin it with a Dance-----Strike up.

[A Dance here.]

Stand. Now, Sir *Harry*, we have retriev'd our Wives; yours from Death, and mine from the Devil;

vil ; and they are at present very honest. But how shall we keep 'em so ?

Ang. By being good Husbands, Sir ; and the great Secret for keeping Matters right in Wedlock, is never to quarrel with your Wives for Trifles : For we are but Babies at best, and must have our Play things, our Longings, our Vapours, our Frights, our Monkeys, our China, our Fashions, our Washes, our Patches, our Waters, our Tattle and Impertinence ; therefore, I say, 'tis better to let a Woman play the Fool, than provoke her to play the Devil.

Lure. And another Rule, Gentlemen, let me advise you to observe, never to be jealous ; or if you shoud, be sure never to let your Wife think you suspect her ; for we are more restrain'd by the Scandal of the Lewdness, than by the Wickedness of the Fact ; when once a Woman has born the Shame of a Whore, she'll dispatch you the Sin in a moment.

wild. We're oblig'd to you, Ladies, for your Advice ; and in return, give me leave to give you the Definition of a good Wife, in the Character of my own.

The Wit of her Conversation never out-strips the Conduct of her Behaviour : She's affable to all Men, free with no Man, and only kind to me : Often chearful, sometimes gay, and always pleas'd, but when I am angry ; then sorry, not sullen : The Park, Playhouse, and Cards, she frequents in compliance with Custom ; but her Diversions of Inclination are at home : She's more cautious of a remarkable Woman, than of a noted Wit, well knowing that the Infection of her own Sex is more catching than the Temptation of ours : To all this, she is beautiful to a Wonder, scorns all Devices that engage a Gallant, and uses all Arts to please her Husband.

*So spite of Satyr 'gainst a marry'd Life,
A Man is truly blest with such a Wife.*

F I N I S.



EPILOGUE.

By a FRIEND.

*V*Entre bleu ! vere is dis dam Poet ? vere
Garzoon ! me vil cut off all his two Ear :
Je suis Enrage — now he is not here.
He has affront de French ! Le Villaine bête.
De French ! your best Friend ! — you suffre dat ?
Parbleu ! Messieurs a serait fort Ingrate !
Vat have you English, dat you can call your own !
Vat have you of grand Pleasure in dis Town,
Vidout it come from France, dat vil go down ?
Picquet, Basset ; your Vin, your Dress, your Dance ;
'Tis all you see, tout Alamode de France.
De Beau dere buy a hondre knick knack ;
He carry out Wit, but seldom bring it back :
But den he bring a Snuff-box Hinge, so small
De Foynt, you can no see de Vark at all,
Cost him five Pistoles, dat is sheap enough,
In tre year it sal save half an Ounce of Snoffe.
De Coquet she ave her Ratifa dere,
Her Gown, her Complexion, Deux yeux, her Lovere ;
As for de Cuckold—dat indeed you can make here ;
De French it is dat teach de Lady wear
De short Muff, wit her vite Elbow bare ;
*De Beaux de large Muff, wit his Sleeve down dere. **

* Pointing to his Fingers.

We

EPILOGUE.

*We teach your Vife, to ope dere Husbands Purfes
To put de Furbelo round dere Coach, and dere Horses.
Garzoon ! ve teach you every ting de Varle :
For vy den your damn Post dare to snarle ?
Begar, me vil be reuenge upon his Play,
Ire tousan Refugee (Parbleu c'est vray)
Sall all come here, and damn him upon his tird Day.*



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